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SIXPENCE.

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A SUMMONS TO JAPANESE WARRIORS AT A GREAT POINT OF EMBARKATION: SOUNDING THE "FALL IN" AT SHIMONOSEKI.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

There is an eternal freshness in the subject of diet. If you have anything to say about it, people will heed you earnestly, even if they have heard it all before, and are quite sure that the advice is no use to them. For instance, a benefactor has been writing about cheese. In the name of the Prophet, cheese! He was asked why he could always walk in the broiling sun, cool and serene, while his fellows sought the shade, and panted even there. His answer was, "Cheese!" Nobody thought this ridiculous, or took offence. He was entreated to expand his theme. Cheese is simple in itself, but as a philosophy it is enigmatic. So the benefactor entered into the constituents of cheese; showed how nutritive it is, how easy of digestion; above all, how cooling in the summer heats. How cooling! Nobody had ever thought of that. But now apparently nobody thinks of anything else. If you see two men in a corner of the club, conversing in low and eager tones, you may be sure they are discussing two questions. The rupture between France and the Vatican? The search for contraband of war on the high seas? Not at all. Says one clubman: "Do you ice your cheese?" Says the other: "Do you eat yours with a knife?"

The philanthropic cheesemonger who walks in the sun without heat remarks upon the ignorant contempt with which cheese is treated by the community. We admit it to our tables for a moment at the end of the repast; we sprinkle it over omelettes; we bait mousetraps with it; we treat it sometimes with scorn and odium. There are people who refuse to sit in the same room with Camembert. I have a classic friend who assures me that Medusa's head was turned to Gorgonzola; he flies at its approach. The idea of making a meal off Medusa would occur to few, although in one of the oldest clubs, within recent times, members could lunch off bread-and-cheese and beer for nothing. The new doctrine is that you must eat cheese, and cheese only, if you would snap your fingers at Fahrenheit and his degrees. "Rather monotonous fare," say you; but the benefactor has anticipated that objection. "How monotonous," says he, "when the kinds of cheese are so many?" Don't retort, "True, but they all taste of cheese." That is an obvious quibble, worthy of a Parliamentary debate.

This question of diet has taken hold of the greatest minds, and not only the question of what we should eat, but the most hygienic manner of eating it. Said an eminent man of letters to me: "All my life I have been a sufferer. Life, indeed, has been for me a long, dark tunnel—a Twopenny Tube of tribulation. Gout racked my joints; dyspepsia clutched my soul. But now"—he was dining at the time, and he laid down his knife and fork, while an almost celestial radiance overspread his striking countenance—"now, my friend, I am free! The tormentors are expelled; the demons are dispossessed! What has delivered me from bondage? No patent drug, no quackery which is right by accident; simply a little pamphlet which I found on my hall-table one night when I returned home. Warily I glanced at it as I was retiring. Suddenly my whole being was filled with the splendour of its illumination. I read and pondered it all night long. Not till seven in the morning did I fall asleep; and at eight I left my bed with a bound, eager to make instant trial of this grand discovery!"

Here I might pique the curiosity of the reader by leaving the rest of the story "to be continued in our next." Sensible as I am that such a sordid device would treble the circulation of the ensuing number, I scorn to stoop so low. There is really not much to tell, for the interest of my eminent friend's message consisted less in its novelty than in his dramatic intensity. "I bounded out of bed," he went on, "and fell upon my breakfast with an appetite sharpened by curiosity. I felt at the same time a spiritual tremor as of one about to emerge from the Twopenny Tube into the light of sovereign day. And when I say that I fell upon my breakfast, do not misunderstand me. The phrase is not exact; it suggests a wolfish haste. Now the very essence of the great truth I am imparting to you is the very reverse of that. What graced my frugal board that historic morning? Poached eggs on toast. How do we eat them, as a rule, in the blackness of our ignorance? We do not eat them; we put them out of sight with guilty speed, as if we were receptacles of stolen goods." "Pardon me," I ventured to interrupt; "but I think poached eggs are eaten hastily for fear they should get cold. The cold egg, you know—" "The cold egg!" he echoed. "What if it be cold; is it any less an egg? Nay, is it not far more of an egg? I swear to you that on the historic morning I tasted poached eggs for the first time. I lingered over them—yes, it might have been an hour. I knew them at last in the intimacy of their fundamental being!"

As a writer, my friend is one who seeks the heart of things. He has found it in the poached egg; that is why it kindled him to eloquence. "When you eat a potato," he continued, "or a carrot, you know, in a general way, that it is a potato or a carrot; you do not mistake one for the other. But when you eat it my way, slowly, contemplatively—the method of the bovine ruminant, plus the intelligence of man in its highest range—then you savour the inmost character of the potato or the carrot. You grasp its full significance in the vegetable world. Carry this method through all that pertains to human sustenance—through the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, the cattle upon a thousand hills—and the earth will unfold new meanings. Your mind will expand, instead of your waist!" "But the seven-course dinner?" I interjected. "Surely there will not be time—" "The seven-course dinner," said he, "is anathema. Your dinner will grow fine by degrees and beautifully less; but much longer. That is the delightful paradox. Your repast of soup, fish, and possibly an omelette or cutlet should take as long as a Lord Mayor's banquet. But instead of rising from table with the stupor of repletion, you will rise with the alertness of a seraph when he spreads his wings." "Mr. Gladstone," I said, "is reported to have applied your method by honouring every morsel with two-and-thirty bites. He defied augury with thirty-two bites at a cherry." "Mr. Gladstone," said my mentor coldly, "fell into the characteristic error of talking all the time. It is possible that the versatility of his genius permitted him to appreciate what he was eating as well as what he was saying; but I doubt it. The method I learned from that blessed little pamphlet in the watches of a memorable night you must apply in all its strictness. Be as mute at your meals as a Trappist!"

I gazed at him with some remorse. He had broken the rule for my sake; he would not rise from table on that occasion with the alertness of the seraph. I have striven since to prove my gratitude by secreting myself in corners of the club coffee-room for lonely mastication, and that placid gazing into space which makes the ruminant of the meadow so healthy. When they dine together, clubmen will talk; and the conversation turns invariably on food and drink. When they adjourn to the smoking-room, they discuss their ailments. But if we dined in silence, and with prolonged deglutition, there would be no ailments; and when we spread our wings for a converse of souls, we should take, like the seraphs, to the upper air. George Eliot said that if mankind had not spent ages in disputing about theology, it would have made greater progress in the liberal sciences. If we could leave off talking about our food and our health, real ideas might have a more rapid circulation. But I distrust the stock of human patience. Men will not stick to the business of dining; women (who ought to have their meals in solitary confinement) will provoke us to chatter. Who will have strength enough at a dinner-party to regard his partner for two hours out of the corner of a ruminating eye, without uttering a word? I despair of society; but I give the glorious message of that eminent man of letters as he told it to me, so that none may reproach me in after years with the suppression of wisdom.

"Dost remember," writes a correspondent, "the song Becky Sharp used to sing in the days of her splendour, when she had no voice to speak of, and also in the days when she was down on her luck, and gave concerts with no voice at all in the ducal town of Pumpernickel?"

The rose upon my balcony the morning air perfuming
Was leafless all the winter time, and pining for the spring:
You ask me why her breath is sweet, and why her cheek is
blooming;

It is because the sun is out, and birds begin to sing.

Have you seen the roses on the balcony of the new ladies' club in Piccadilly? If not, you are too late now; they are out of town, and the balcony is deserted. But before the season was over, they used to sit there in the afternoon, a bevy of them; such a decoration, Sir, as Piccadilly has never seen in all its history. It had such an effect on me that I never walked by on the Park side of the way without yearning to sing with Becky—

And there's sunshine in my heart, Mamma, which wakens and
rejoices,
And so I sing and blush, Mamma, and that's the reason why."

He has reason to blush. Another kind of cheek is evidently blooming. But he continues: "Too soon, alas! that balcony will be bare, and grimy with the winter's soot. Do write and persuade the roses to come back in September, and sit there as long as they can. They are so refining for the traffic! You should see how the sight of them smartens up the omnibus-drivers and cabmen, who have taken to shaving, and even to wearing nosegays. Yes, and it softens their idioms, and reduces the speed of motors. The club ought to make a rule that the most beautiful members, chosen by ballot, should sit in the balcony an hour a day!" Perhaps the committee will give this suggestion a trial.

UP TO THE GATES OF LASSA.

The road from Gyantse to Lassa is by far the most interesting portion of the country traversed by Colonel Younghusband's Mission. With the exception of Thomas Manning in 1811, no European has ever seen this part of Tibet before, and our knowledge of it is almost entirely drawn from the reports and sketches of native explorers trained by the Survey of India.

On leaving Gyantse, the road runs through deep, narrow valleys along the Niro Chu River to Gobshi, or "Four Gates," a large village surrounded by cultivated fields, willows, and poplar trees. A mile to the east of this village is the ancient Bombo monastery of Khyung-nag, or "The Black Eagle," famous throughout Tibet as the place where Tsong-Kapa, the Buddhist Luther, commenced his Reformation in the fifteenth century, and founded the now predominant sect of the "Yellow Lamas." From Gobshi the road passes through various small villages, becoming at times difficult and even dangerous, until it reaches Ralung, one of the most holy places in Tibet in old days. Here it was that the great Dugpa school of "Red-hat Lamas" originated—a sect which, though now overshadowed by the Yellow Lamas, is still the ruling religious power in Bhutan, and claims many adherents in Sikhim and in the outlying districts of Tibet itself. The monastery is known as "M'til," or "the heart of the Lotus," from a fancied resemblance in the ring of hills which enclose the building to the petals of the sacred flower of Buddha.

From Ralung a gentle ascent leads to a gorge flanked by huge snow-fields, which opens out into a small oval plateau covered with shaly gravel, and known as Uma-Tang, or "the Milky Plain," probably from the colour of the stones. At the end of this plateau is the steep pass of the Karo-La, where the Expedition, early in May, had its stiffest fight with the Tibetans, who held the walls built across the pass; a fight which at one time hovered on the verge of defeat till the active little Gurkhas climbed the snow-peaks which overhang the road and outflanked the position. It speaks much for the impression made upon the enemy by this assault and the subsequent storming of the Gyantse Jong that, when the Mission resumed its advance on Lassa, the Karo-La defences were abandoned with scarcely an attempt at resistance.

A steep descent by a broken and rugged path brings the traveller once more to level ground, and on entering the Nagartse plain the road becomes tolerably good. The town of Nagartse stands on the banks of a very celebrated lake, the Yamdok or Yamdo Tso, and has a picturesque appearance, with the white huts of the peasants and fishermen perched on the hillside overlooking the big house where the Djongpon, or governor, resides, and the turquoise-blue waters of the Yamdo Tso stretching away to the far distance.

Some five miles to the south-east, also on the shores of the lake, stands the monastery of Sam-ding, inhabited by both monks and nuns, whose abbess is reputed to be the incarnation of Dorje Phagmo, the "Diamond Sow," otherwise Dolma, the mythical consort of the divine Chanra-ssig.

On leaving Nagartse, the road runs through cultivated fields along the banks of the lake to the foot of the Khamba La, whence the ascent is easy to the top of the Pass. From here a magnificent view is obtained of the Tsang-po or Bramaputra Valley, stretching away east and west, the river flowing in a deep glen between forest-clad mountains. Five miles of steep descent through a tangle of rhododendron, wild rose, briars and thorny scrub bring the traveller to the village of Khamba at the foot of the Pass, from which the road leads along the sandy banks of the river for a few miles to the monastery of Palchen Chuvori, with its famous Chagsam, or chain-bridge, over the Tsang-po. This bridge consists of two chain cables stretched across the stream, and fastened to heavy bollards of timber built into massive masonry abutments. From the chains are suspended slings of rope which carry a plank footway only wide enough for one person to pass at a time. It is said to date from the fifteenth century, and to have been built by Tang-tong Gyalpo; but some authorities doubt this tradition, and suppose it to be the work of Chinese engineers probably of the eighteenth century. The bridge is about three hundred paces long, and is used for traffic during the dry season, but at this time of year the river spreads far beyond the northern extremity and floods the low sandy bank, so that a ferry-boat is used to cross it. This has caused considerable delay to the Expedition, as the Berthon boats sent up were too small to carry heavy loads across the swollen stream, and more than one capsized, several passengers being drowned, among them Major Bretherton, the Chief Transport Officer, to whose energy and ability the success of the advance was largely due, and whose death is an irreparable loss to the Mission. Native craft, however, have since been collected, and a swinging bridge of boats has been made, by means of which the crossing has been successfully carried out.

Beyond the river the country is fairly open, and the road is easy, except for one very bad part about three miles long, known as the Gag-lam, or "narrow path," leading over a mass of rocks and boulders on the very brink of a deep and rapid stream. Many years ago, the Raja of Sikhim sent two elephants as a present to the Dalai Lama, and the task of getting the huge brutes over this piece of road proved the most difficult part of the whole journey. On leaving this defile behind the road improves, and traverses an extremely fertile district, dotted with villages; past Cheri, where the cattle and sheep are slaughtered to supply the Lassa meat-market; past the monastery of Debung with its noble park; the dark-red temple of Nachung, famous for its ancient oracle; the palaces of Norbu Linga, Kemai Tsal, and Kundulling, surrounded by groves of handsome trees, till the western gateway is reached, and, crossing a bridge flanked by a thousand-year-old monolith, the traveller enters the town of Lassa, and passes up the wide street between the blue-tiled houses overtopped by the frowning walls of the great nine-storeyed monastery palace of Potala, the residence of the Dalai Lama.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

A glance at the map shows that at the present time the scene of operations is practically bounded on three sides by railway-lines, which enclose the valley of the Liao. The Manchurian Railway from Hai-cheng to Mukden forms the front of the Russian position, the points at which it is crossed by the Tai-tse-ho and the Si-ta-ho approximating to the directions in which the Japanese are advancing. On the right flank of the Russian position the Japanese have the assistance of the New-chwang Railway, and the rivers Liao-ho and Hun-ho, both of which are navigable for many miles from their mouth, and up which a naval force has been dispatched from Ying-kau. The place where the *Sivoutch* was destroyed is not very clear, as more than one Pa-kia-tszu is marked in the map. To the rear of the Russians there is the Chinese army under General Ma, who will be remembered as having commanded the troops which barred the way to the Seymour Expedition, and whom we fought at Langfang and Tsiku. The left flank of the Russians is apparently resting on the angle formed by the junction of the Tai-tse-ho and the Hun-ho, and extends along the railway line to the northward. The most northern force of the Japanese is apparently holding the mountain passes near Pin-si-kau, which is said by some authorities to be only eighteen miles to the east of Liao-yang, but which, on the map, is shown considerably further to the northward, and therefore threatening the railway line beyond the Russian centre. This point marks the extreme right of Kuroki's troops, while his advanced guards in the centre position are slightly to the south of An-ping. Here Kuroki is said to have a force of some hundred thousand men. The two southern armies, which by this time must be in touch with the left of Kuroki's troops, are now considerably to the north of Hai-cheng, and their left is extended by the army landed at New-chwang, and reported to be as far north as the junction of the Liao-ho and the Hun-ho. This would make them nearly due west of Liao-yang. If any reliance can be placed on these reports of the relative positions of the two armies, the situation must be critical, although it would almost seem that the Russians, acting on interior lines, have an advantage, provided they are able to concentrate against one particular portion of the girdle which is being drawn around them.

Hitherto the Russian tactics, so far as we can follow them, have been to fight a series of rearguard actions while gradually withdrawing to the north. The extreme mobility of the Japanese, however, as exhibited during the last week in July, has introduced a new feature which may oblige the Russian General to modify his plan. Evidently it was hoped that the Russian force left entrenched to the south would be sufficient to hold Oku and the Taku-shan army, while the finest of the European troops, under Kuropatkin's most trusted lieutenant, crushed Kuroki as he emerged from the mountain passes. That hope has been shattered, for at both points the Japanese have proved themselves the better men. It was the sudden advance of the Taku-shan army, executing an enveloping movement, that brought about the abandonment of the positions from Ta-shih-chao to Hai-cheng, enabling Oku to join hands with them and push up to the northward; while Kuroki proved himself not only strong enough to defeat the Russians in their offensive tactics, but to drive them before him and seize the positions from which they had advanced. The capture of the port of Ying-kau not only opens up to them the river, thus further facilitating the transport of troops and matériel, toward the left and rear of the Russians, but it gives them another base of supplies for the armies operating in the north.

It is probable, as was remarked last week, that the general plan of the Japanese is based upon the operations around Port Arthur. Of the actual condition of affairs at this point we are not well informed. It is possible, of course, that the Japanese have had a set-back there. But our sources of information are very unreliable, and it is equally possible that the Japanese have, in spite of their losses, succeeded in seizing positions which dominate the principal defences of the garrison, notably the Wolf Hill.

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Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) by Continental Express at 8.40 p.m. First Class Single, 37s. 6d.; Second Class, 25s. 9d.; Return (for 2 months), 55s. 3d. or 38s. 9d.

Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co. (Limited), 55, Great Tower Street, E.C., or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

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The Orient-Pacific Line will dispatch the ss. "CUZCO," 3518 tons' register, from Hull to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS,

On Aug. 13 and 27.

AUTUMN CRUISES IN MEDITERRANEAN to SPAIN, AFRICA, GREECE, SICILY, CORSICA, CORFU, CRETE, and ITALIAN CITIES, starting Sept. 16, Oct. 1, Oct. 22.

14 DAYS for 12 guineas and upwards; or 19 days for 15 guineas and upwards. Reduced Railway Tickets between London and Marseilles.

Managers: F. GREEN and CO. Head Offices: ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO. Fenchurch Avenue. For PASSAGE apply to the latter firm at 5, FENCHURCH AVENUE, E.C., or to West-End Branch Office: 28, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

NORTH OF SCOTLAND AND ORKNEY AND
SHETLAND STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S
SUMMER CRUISES.

From LONDON, round the BRITISH ISLES, August 15 and 30.
From ALBERT DOCK, LEITH, to CAITHNESS and the ORKNEY and SHETLAND ISLANDS, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, and from ABERDEEN five times a week, from May 1 to September 30.

ST. MAGNUS HOTEL, HILLSWICK, SHETLAND, under the Company's Management, open from June 1 to September 30.

Comfortable quarters and excellent Cuisine. Grand Rock Scenery and good Loch and Sea Fishing in neighbourhood.
Full particulars from Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, London; Wordie and Co., 75, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Houston, 18, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh, and 1, Tower Place, Leith; and

CHARLES MERRYLLIES, Manager, Aberdeen.

P. & O. CRUISING YACHT "VECTIS,"

6000 tons. 6000 h.p.

Aug. 10.—To NORTHERN CAPITALS OF EUROPE.

Sept. 24.—To LISBON, MADEIRA, &c.

Oct. 21.—To MEDITERRANEAN PORTS and CONSTANTINOPLE.

For particulars apply to West-End Office, Northumberland Avenue, W.C., or to 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

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TRANSVAAL, AND EAST AFRICA.

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Regular Sailings. Surgeon and Stewardess carried. Excellent Cuisine. Electric Light. Full particulars will be sent to intending passengers on application to the owners—JOHN T. RENNIE, SON & CO., 4, EAST INDIA AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

C.P.R. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
AND STEAMSHIP LINES.
JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, &c.

*Leave Liverpool.	Leave Vancouver.	For
Aug. 18	EMPEROR OF CHINA	Japan.
Aug. 31	MANUKA	Australia.
	* Inclusive fares via New York or Quebec.	

LIVERPOOL TO CANADA.

First Cabin, £14; Second, £7 10s.; Third, £3.

S.S. LAKE ERIE (twin-screw) 7550 tons .. Aug. 16.

S.S. LAKE MANITOBA (twin-screw) 8850 tons .. Aug. 23.

For tickets, free and post-free handbooks, apply—

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62 to 65, Charing Cross, S.W. (near Nelson Column); or 67, King William Street, E.C.

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AND DISTRICT.—THE ILLUSTRATED OFFICIAL GUIDE will be
forwarded Post Free on receipt of Two Penny Stamps by THE CLERK, CROMER.

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FOR THE

DEAF AND DUMB POOR,

MARGATE.

And late of Old Kent Road, London.

Established 1792.

Patron—HIS MAJESTY the KING.

The COMMITTEE of this Asylum earnestly APPEAL for FUNDS to enable them to continue the work which has now been carried on for over a century.

350 Children can be accommodated. The children are fed, clothed, and educated free of cost to their parents. New annual subscriptions are much needed.

FREDERIC H. MAIDEN, Secretary.

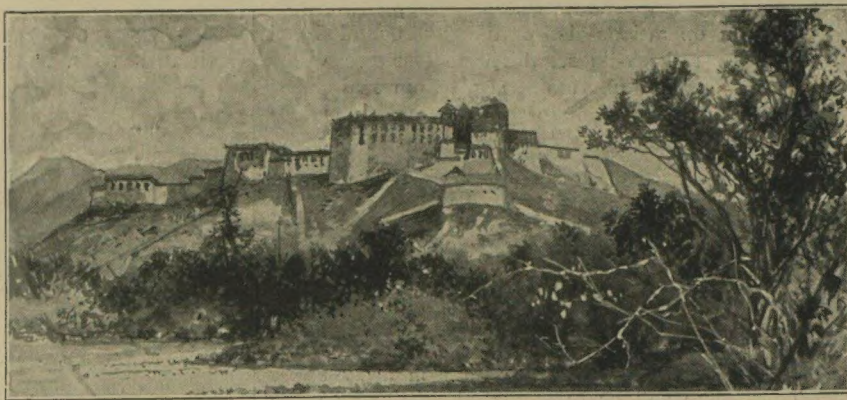
Offices: 93, Cannon Street, E.C.

IN LASSA AT LAST: THE FORBIDDEN CITY, OCCUPIED BY THE BRITISH, AUGUST 3.

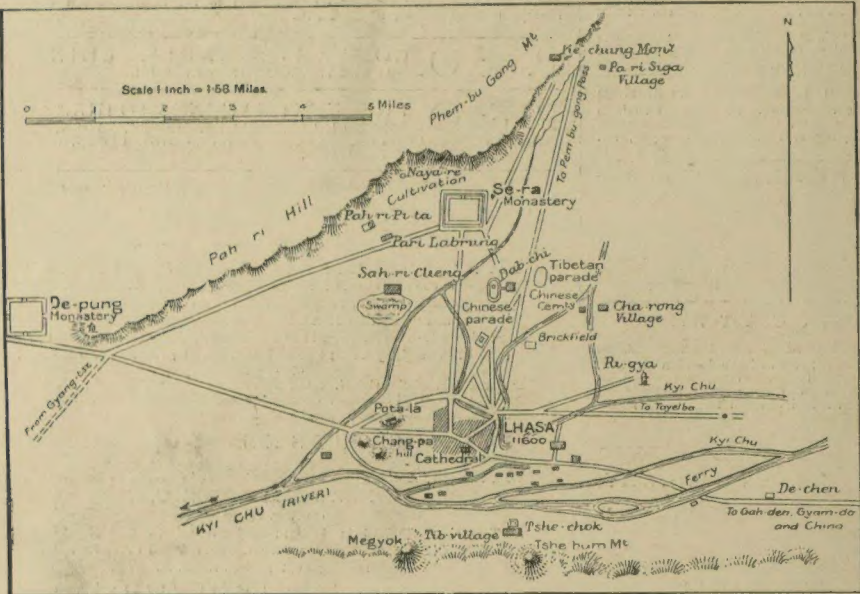
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. OVCHE NARZOUNOF; MAPS REPRODUCED BY THE COURTESY OF THE "DAILY MAIL."



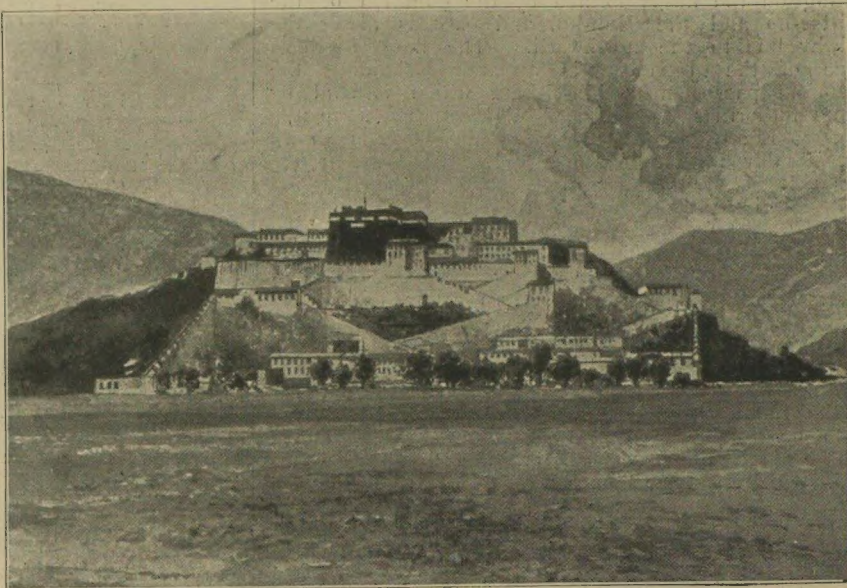
LASSA FROM THE EAST.



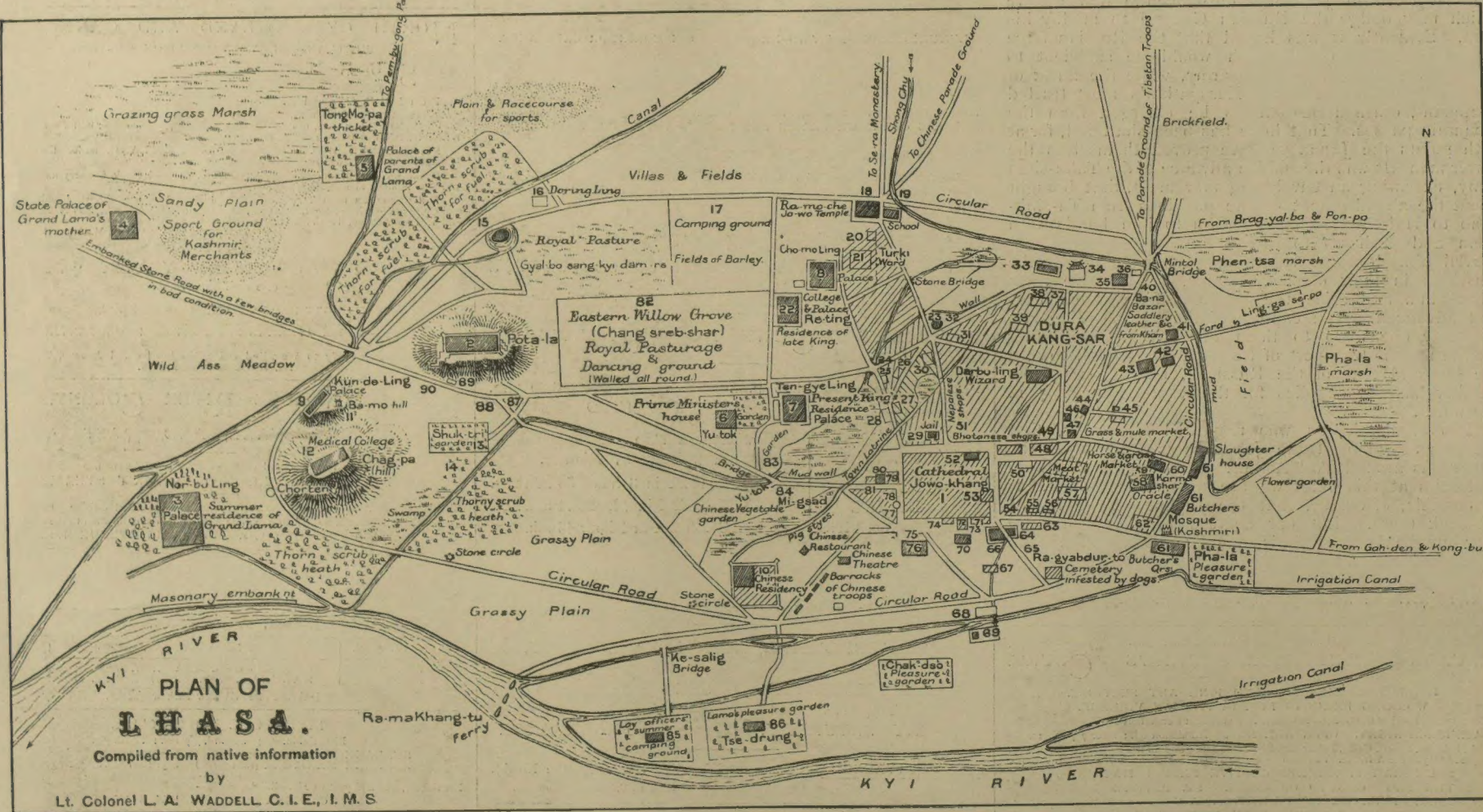
THE GRAND LAMA'S RESIDENCE: THE POTALA MONASTERY FROM THE NORTH.



THE ENVIRONS OF LASSA.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE POTALA MONASTERY.

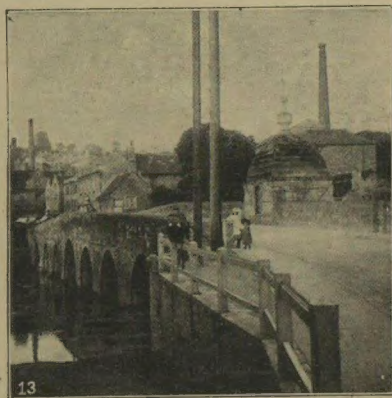
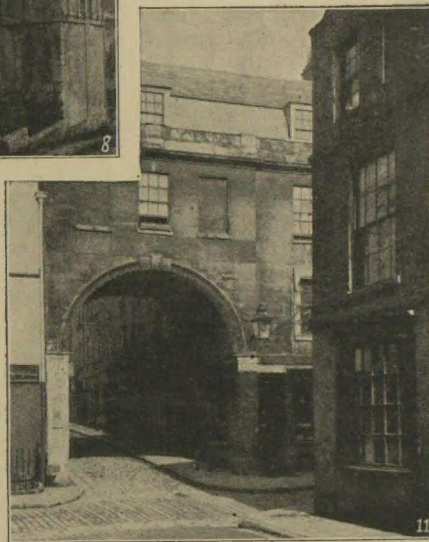
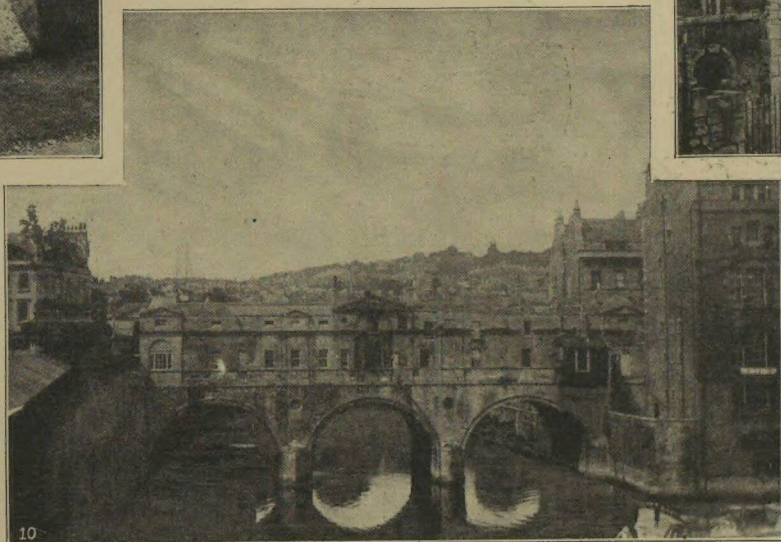
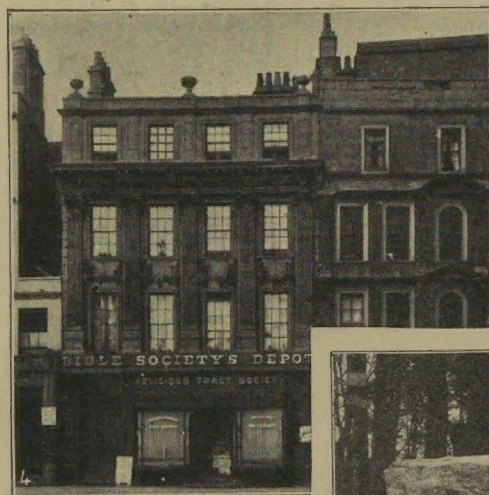
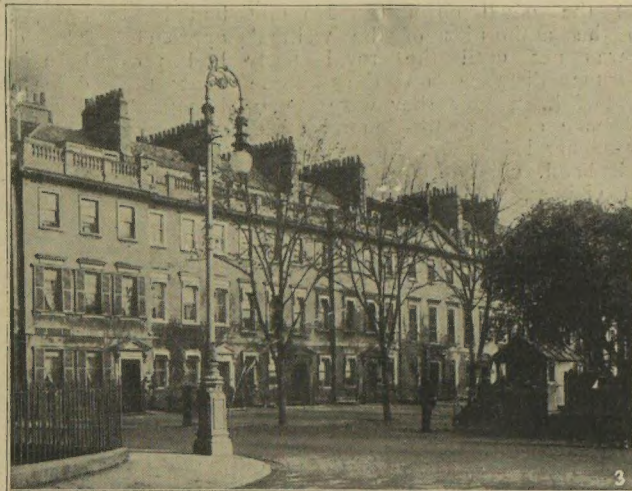
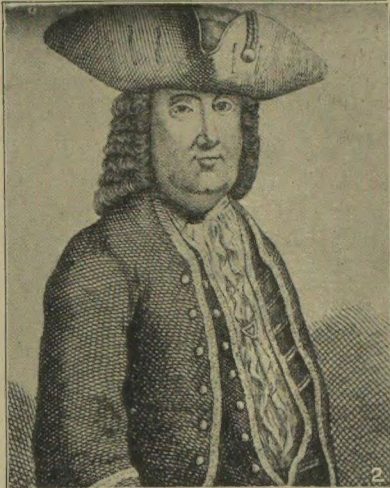


A MILITARY PLAN OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY, COMPILED FOR THE USE OF THE BRITISH FORCES.

- 1.—The Great Cathedral, the true "Lassa," or "Place of the Gods."
- 2.—Grand Lama's Palace, Potala.
- 3.—Ditto Summer Palace.
- 4.—Ditto Mother's Palace for Receptions.
- 5.—Grand Lama's Parents' Palace, or Paradise (Lha-lu).
- 6.—Prime Minister's (Kah-lon) House.
- 7.—Residence of present King-Regent (Gyalpo).
- 8.—Residence of ex-Regent Cho-mo-ling.
- 9.—Residence of ex-Regent Kun-de-ling.
- 10.—Chinese Residency of the Ambans.
- 11.—Ba-mo (Bong-ba) Hill, surmounted by Chinese Temple.
- 12.—Chag-ga or Chag-pa Hill, surmounted by Medical School.
- 13.—Throne Garden, with a stone or brick seat for Grand Lama.
- 14.—A heath, called the "Centre Snake-waiting," alleged to have been visited by Buddha Sakya Muni.
- 15.—A Snake-Dragon Temple surrounded by a moat, and connected by a lock with marsh to the east.
- 16.—A small stone pillar (? edict) beside residence of the Dung-khor official.
- 17.—Camping ground for troops going to the Racecourse and Sports in first month of year.
- 18.—Ra-mo-ché Temple, alleged to be erected by Tara (Dol-tang) in seventh century A.D.
- 19.—Upper School of Mysticism.
- 20.—Temple of the Buddha of Boundless Life.
- 21.—Kang-da Khang Sar.
- 22.—Residence of the late deposed Regent Re-ting, a lama of Se-ra, who died in banishment to China, about 1860. Now used as an Academy.
- 23.—Assembly Hall of Turki Merchants.
- 24.—"Nam-de-le" Cross-Roads.
- 25.—Residence of Dowager (previous), Mother of Grand Lama.
- 26.—Changlo-chon.
- 27.—Chinese Restaurant.
- 28.—Tibetan Restaurant.
- 29.—Jail.
- 30.—Chinese Torture-Chamber.
- 31.—Pottery Market.
- 32.—Chinese Gya-bum Gang.
- 33.—Lower School of Mysticism.
- 34.—Miru Temple.
- 35.—Residence of the General (Dah-pon), who visited Darjeeling in 1892 (Nga-pö-sa).
- 36.—Guard House.
- 37.—Tannery.
- 38.—Phun-kang.
- 39.—Astrologer Royal, with about 100 retainers.
- 40.—Saddlery and Harness Bazaar from Eastern Tibet.
- 41.—Salutation Point. Here the Pilgrims by the Circular Road catch a glimpse of the Grand Lama's Palace of Potala, which they salute.
- 42.—Chinese "Valley" (Gya-morong).
- 43.—Grass Market.
- 44.—Nun's Restaurant.
- 45.—Chinese Drug-Shop.
- 46.—Eating-House.
- 47.—Inner Chinese Meat Market, with double row of stalls.
- 48.—Shops of News from Nepal.
- 49.—Rice Market and large Prayer Flag.
- 50.—Mohammedan Chinese Eating-House.
- 51.—Bhutanese and Chumbi Shops.
- 52.—Summary Magistrates' Court for Disputes.
- 53.—Su-khang.
- 54.—Sur-gyar-khang.
- 55.—Large Prayer Flag, "the Eastern Mountain."
- 56.—Chinese Eating-House.
- 57.—Bankye-Shak (Phala) Palace.
- 58.—Karmashar Oracle.
- 59.—Horse Market.
- 60.—Chinese Military Paymaster.
- 61.—Slaughter House.
- 62.—Gye-tön jong-pön.
- 63.—House of Kashmiri Magistrate for Mohammedan Disputes.
- 64.—Rab-sal.
- 65.—Kun-sang-tse.
- 66.—Shata Palace.
- 67.—The Lama-Defender of Religion.
- 68.—Shata-ling.
- 69.—Nepalese Captain's Summer House.
- 70.—Sam-dub Palace.
- 71.—Old Palace.
- 72.—Kah-shag.
- 73.—Gah-ru shar.
- 74.—Song-cho ra, where Thanksgiving is held in First Month.
- 75.—Square where Whipping is inflicted for Thieving.
- 76.—Rag-ga-Shag.
- 77.—Edict Pillar.
- 78.—White Tara's Shrine.
- 79.—Dancing Hall.
- 80.—Lodging-House for Tashilhumpo People.
- 81.—Mi-sad Bridge.
- 82.—Eastern Willow Grove.
- 83.—Triad Chaitya.
- 84.—Turquoise Jewel House.
- 85.—Summer Garden for Ministers and Civil Officers.
- 86.—Summer Garden for Lamas.
- 87.—Edict Pillar.
- 88.—Bazaar and Foundry.
- 89.—Grand Lama's Stables.
- 90.—Gateway of Pargo-kaling.

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION AT BATH: THE CITY AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARGISSON.



1. A RELIC OF OLD FASHION: BEAU NASH'S HOUSE.
2. THE AUTOCRAT OF BATH: BEAU NASH.
3. SIR WALTER SCOTT'S RESIDENCE IN BATH, 6, SOUTH PARADE.
4. MARSHAL WADE'S HOUSE.

5. BATHAMPTON MILL, BATHAMPTON.
6. A RELIC OF THE AUTHOR OF "VATHEK": BECKFORD'S HOUSE IN LANSDOWNE CRESCENT.
7. WHERE THREE COUNTIES MEET: BOUNDARY STONES OF SOMERSETSHIRE, WILTSHIRE, AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

8. THE OLDEST UNALTERED CHURCH IN THE KINGDOM: THE SAXON CHAPEL AT BRADFORD-ON-AVON, VISITED BY THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.
9. CROMWELL'S BOOTS IN BOX STIRRUPS, PRESERVED AT FARLEIGH CASTLE.
10. PULTENEY BRIDGE.

11. GENERAL WOLFE'S HOUSE.
12. CASTLE COOMBE CROSS, NEAR BATH.
13. THE BRIDGE, BRADFORD-ON-AVON, WITH CHAPEL, ONCE USED AS A LOCK-UP.
14. THE FAMOUS OLD TYRE BARN AT BRADFORD-ON-AVON.

*Bath was a British settlement from the earliest times. It was known to the Saxons as *Caer Badon*, the City of Baths; by the Romans it was called *Aquæ Solis*. On August 8 the Archæological Association began a six days' Congress at the historic city.*

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE ROYAL SURPRISE
VISIT TO HASLAR.

The King and Queen, on their return from Cowes on Aug. 8, paid a surprise visit to Haslar Hospital, which their Majesties desired greatly to see in its ordinary working trim. Accompanied by the Prince of Wales, and attended by Admiral Sir John Fisher, Rear-Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne, and Sir Frederick Treves, their Majesties crossed Portsmouth Harbour in a steam-pinnace, and landed at the naval hospital. No hint had been given to the authorities of the visitors' approach, and it was not until the royal party had proceeded some distance up the avenue that the hospital staff knew how they were to be honoured. In the absence of Inspector-General Godding, Deputy Inspector-General Pearson, Fleet-Surgeon Tait, and Miss Cadenhead, chief of the Nursing Staff, received the royal visitors, who made a tour of the wards, talking with the patients in their usual kindly fashion. At his Majesty's request, the naval pensioners were paraded, and the King went in and out among the ranks chatting with the veterans. Among them was the octogenarian, Bright, who served in the Crimean War. This worthy survivor of "battles long ago" was honoured by his Majesty with a special word of recognition. Their Majesties expressed their great pleasure and gratification at all they had seen and at the excellent order and neatness of the institution. They consented to drive back to the pier in the hospital ambulance-car, drawn by the male probationer nurses.

Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion that a Colonial Conference should be summoned to consider his fiscal proposals prompted Lord Rosebery to complain in the *Times* that this was not done before Mr. Chamberlain's policy was laid before the country. Mr. Chamberlain retorted that Lord Rosebery's adhesion to the idea came too late. Moreover, as Lord Rosebery had demurred to the submission of food taxes to the judgment of any Conference, Mr. Chamberlain declared that this would rule out the only basis on which the Conference could be held. The Colonies, he said, would regard such a course as insulting. Lord Rosebery rejoined that it would be "insulting" to this country to summon a Colonial Conference to discuss food taxation, which the people had manifestly rejected. Nothing could justify such a Conference except a mandate from the constituencies at a General Election. Otherwise the British delegates at the Conference would have no authority, and Lord Rosebery could not even imagine who they would be.

The Forbidden City, the mysterious capital of Tibet, which so many travellers have tried in vain to reach, often at the cost of capture and torture, has at length opened its gates peaceably to a British Mission. On Aug. 3, at noon, Colonel Younghusband's Mission reached Lassa and encountered no opposition. It was announced by the Acting Viceroy of India that the population was quiet, and that the Dalai Lama had withdrawn to a monastery some distance from the city. Colonel Younghusband was visited by the Amban, who said he was willing to assist in arriving at a settlement, and made the troops a present of food. With the occupation goes one of the last mysteries of the world, and although it is not to be expected that there will be regular traffic between Lassa and the outside world after the withdrawal of the Mission, there will remain a considerable number of people who have looked upon the forbidden thing, and who, while thus "acquiring merit" themselves, in the

Buddhist phrase, have yet discounted the distinction enjoyed hitherto by the very few outsiders who had looked on Lassa and lived. The general aspect of Lassa is picturesquely impressive. Colour and gilding are everywhere, and the city is dominated by the mysterious pile of the Potala Monastery, the residence of the Dalai Lama. Physically, as well as spiritually, this great pile is the citadel of a faith, built upon an isolated crag, a veritable fortress-convent. The city of Lassa is dominated by a cathedral, the wonderful gilded dome of which is visible at a distance of many miles.

OUR PORTRAITS. Society and Liberal politics

have been robbed of one of their most valuable forces by the death, in her fifty-second year, of the Baroness Tweedmouth. Lady Tweedmouth died on Aug. 5, after a short illness, at Guisachan, in Inverness-shire. The social leader of Liberalism was a daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, and the third of six distinguished sisters: Lady Wimborne, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady de Ramsey, Countess Howe, and Lady Sarah Wilson. Among Lady Tweedmouth's brothers was Lord Randolph Churchill. At Brook House, Park Lane, Lady Tweedmouth directed the last of the Salons, where Mr. Gladstone was a frequent guest and where the intellectual *élite* of Europe foregathered. In 1873 Lady Fanny Churchill was married to the Hon. Edward Marjoribanks, who became in course of time Lord Tweedmouth, with whom the deepest sympathy is felt in this great bereavement.

In Judge O'Connor Morris, Irish legal society has lost one of its best-known figures. The Judge died at Tullamore on Aug. 3, in the eightieth year of his age. He was raised to the Bench in 1876, when he became Judge for the County of Louth, an office he held afterwards for Kerry, Roscommon, and Sligo in succession. From the Judgeship of Sligo he retired only last year through failing health.



Photo. Chancery.
THE LATE JUDGE O'CONNOR
MORRIS,
MILITARY HISTORIAN.

Photo. Lafayette.
THE LATE BARONESS
TWEEDMOUTH,
SOCIAL HEAD OF LIBERALISM.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. RUFUS ISAACS, K.C.,
NEW MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT
FOR READING.

Nicknamed by his political opponents the "Pamphleteering Judge," he won by his pen a real distinction in letters, particularly in the department of military history. His most considerable work is a biography of Napoleon. His letters on the agrarian question, and his scathing attacks on Mr. Wyndham's Land Act, aroused the keen criticism and at times the deep resentment of the Irish party.



Photo. Argent Archer.
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BEXHILL MOTOR RACES: EDGE'S NAPIER
AND A MERCEDES CAR MAKING A GOOD FIGHT.

On Aug. 6, by a majority of 230 votes, Reading, in the heaviest poll known to the constituency, returned Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., in the Liberal interest. Of Mr. Isaacs' eminence as a barrister there is no need to speak. His reputation is still on the increase, and it lately received a tremendous impetus by his conduct of the case against Whitaker Wright. The new member began life on the Stock Exchange, which he quitted early for the Bar. He was a pupil of Mr. Lawson Walton, K.C., and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1887. For some time he was attached to the Northern Circuit. Mr. Isaacs is forty-three years of age.

The Defaulting
PARLIAMENT. Authorities Bill

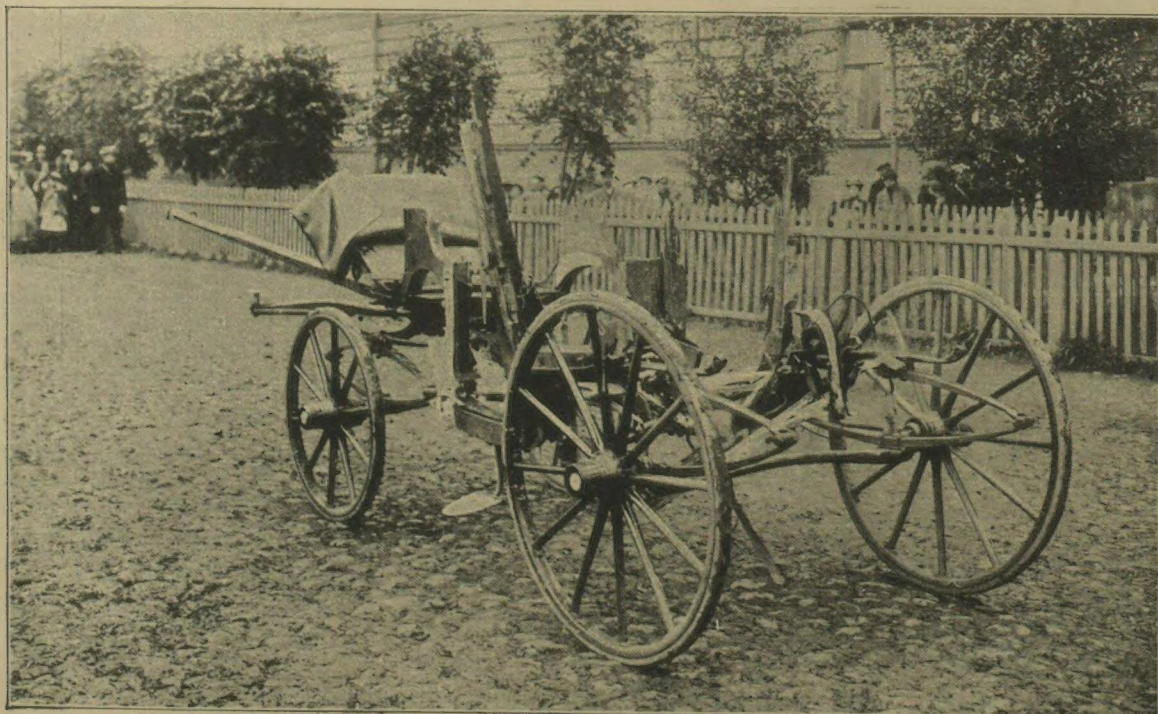
for Wales gave rise to a remarkable scene in the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour had moved the closure in such a way that three pages of amendments were brushed aside at one swoop. When the Chairman, Mr. J. W. Lowther, put this motion, a number of members on the Opposition side refused to leave their places and go into the division lobby. This was contrary to the rules, and the Chairman "named" several of the malcontents. In ordinary circumstances, the Speaker would have been sent for, and the case reported to him. But as the Speaker was absent through illness, Mr. Lowther had to quit the Chair as Chairman of Committee, and take it again as Deputy Speaker, and report the case to himself.

This Gilbertian touch of Parliamentary humour did not restore the peace. Fortunately Mr. Balfour did not follow usage by proposing that the members "named" should be suspended. Had he done that the entire Opposition would have refused to divide. Eventually Mr. Asquith declared that he and his party declined to discuss the Bill any further. They left the House in a body, and the Bill was passed through Committee by the Government.

Mr. Balfour made a statement about the *Malacca* totally at variance with the Russian official statement. According to the *Official Messenger* of St. Petersburg, Russia agreed to release the steamer solely because the British Government declared the contraband stores to be their own property. According to Mr. Balfour, the release was due to the British protest against the seizure by an unauthorised cruiser.

RUSSIAN LAW.

The Prize Court at Vladivostok has dutifully registered the decree of the Russian naval officers. The *Knight Commander* was sunk, and she is now formally declared to have been a "legal prize." This is not law, but travesty, made all the more absurd by the assertion of the *Novoe Vremya* that the captain of the *Knight Commander* admitted his guilt, and protested against the "hypocrisy of the British Press." Sinking neutral ships, according to the *Novoe Vremya*, is a rule laid down in the British maritime code. It is no such thing. If this is the sort of evidence that influenced the Prize Court, that tribunal is about as worthy of respect as the Russian officers of the *Peterburg*, who tried to bribe Captain Street to admit that the *Malacca* carried contraband. The Russian Government had the grace to release both the *Malacca* and the *Formosa*, which ought never to have been meddled with. They should also pay handsome compensation for the sinking of the *Knight Commander*.



THE DE PLEHVE MURDER: THE WRECK OF THE MINISTER'S CARRIAGE.



THE CUP OFFERED BY
PRESIDENT LOUBET.



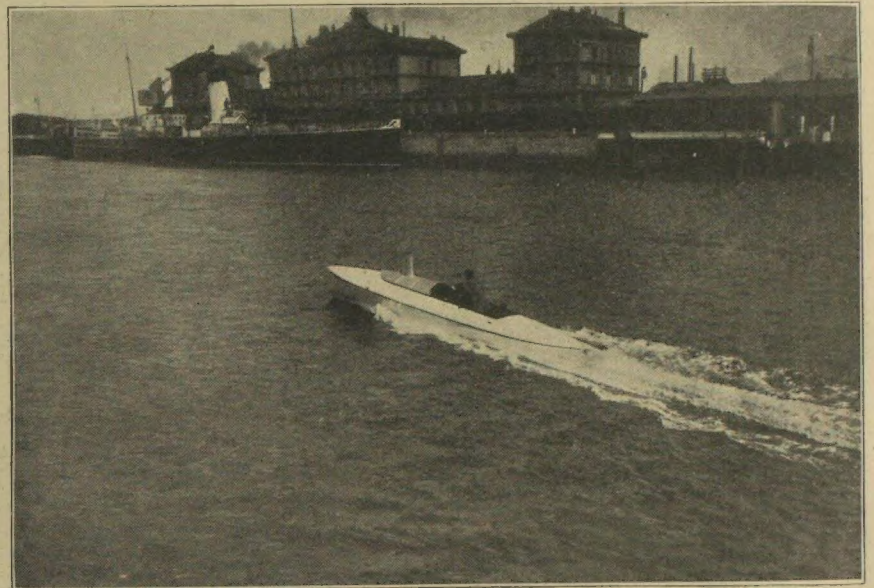
THE FRENCH AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S CUP FOR THE CALAIS-DOVER
MOTOR RACE.



THE QUINONES DE LÉON CUP FOR BOATS
USING ALCOHOL. (NOT AWARDED.)



THE ESCORT: FRENCH TORPEDO-DESTROYERS ARRIVING AT DOVER.

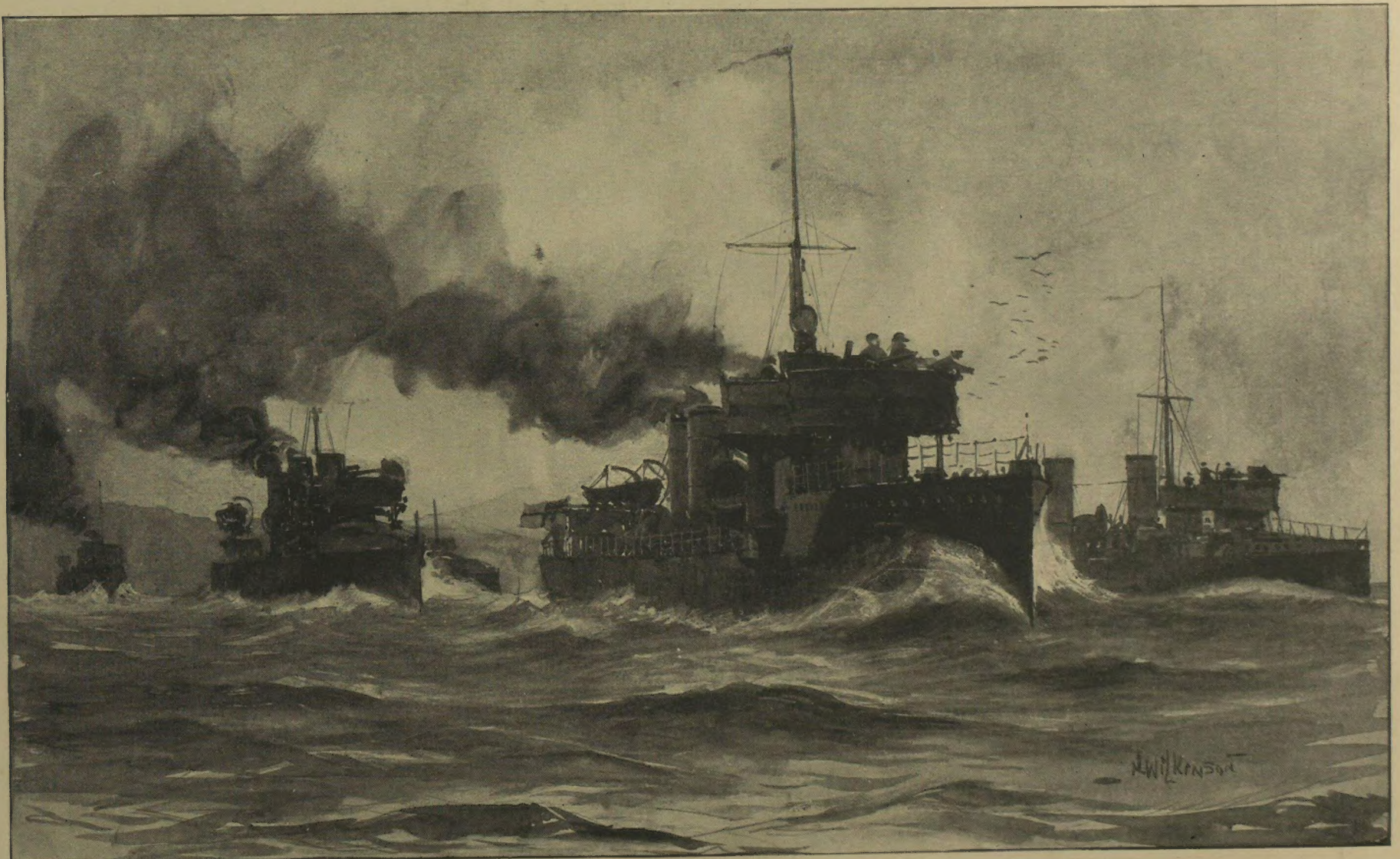


THE WINNER, "MERCÉDÈS IV.," AT FULL SPEED.

THE MOTOR-BOAT RACE ACROSS CHANNEL: THE CALAIS-DOVER CONTEST, AUGUST 8.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLAK AND THE TOPICAL PRESS AGENCY.

Nine motor racers, ten motor cruisers, and three motor fishing-boats started from Calais. The grand contest lay between the French boat "Mercédès IV.," and Mr. Edge's "Napier Minor." These boats far outran even the powerful turbine-steamer "Queen," which followed the race, and "Mercédès IV." made the crossing in one hour seven and two-fifths seconds. "Napier Minor's" time was one hour five minutes twenty-five and two-fifths seconds. The winning cruiser was the French boat "Vas-y," and of the fishing-boats the French craft "Dalifol" made the best passage.



TORPEDO-CRAFT IN MIMIC WAR.—THE COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES, AUGUST 8: THE WATERFORD DESTROYER FLOTILLA LEAVING HARBOUR.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE MANŒUVRES.

The imaginary state of warfare, which began at 8 a.m. on August 8, is to last until 8 a.m. on the 15th current. The "Royal Sovereign" and five cruisers composing the Blue Fleet are sailing the Irish Sea, continually exposed to the torpedo attack of the Red Fleet, consisting of eleven torpedo gun-boats, twenty-seven destroyers, thirty-eight torpedo-boats, and five submarines. For their defence, the Blue Fleet have forty-eight destroyers and six torpedo gun-boats.

TORPEDO-CRAFT IN MIMIC WARFARE: THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES ON THE WEST COAST.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE MANŒUVRES.



READY FOR A DASH ON THE ENEMY: THE WATERFORD DIVISION OF THE BLUE DESTROYER-FLEET AWAITING THE COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES.

According to the general idea of the Manœuvres, Blue and Red represent two maritime Powers separated by the sea. The territory which Red has to defend includes the South Coast of Great Britain west of four degrees West longitude and the West Coast from Land's End northward to Loch Ryan. On the morning of August 8 the Red Flotilla began its search for the Blue vessels.

THE BETTER WAY.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.



Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE.

I.

ROGER CALDWELL, when he was accepted by Elsie Fairweather, brought her, as a matter of course, to tea with Helen. Many people came to Helen Caldwell in their moments of expansion, so to speak; she had a knack of sitting still, of saying the right kind thing in her low voice, of looking perplexed folk between the eyes and disentangling their complications. Her environment, too, was always restful, sweet-scented, orderly; her chairs were hospitable, and her clocks ticked a soothing measure. She nodded good-bye to them from her window when their hansom drove away down Sloane Street. Roger had been a subaltern of many debts and of gay tendencies: that was over now, because great good fortune had arranged that Elsie should be not only irresistible, but wealthy.

Helen went back to her writing-table when they were out of sight, smiling a little. They were so palpably, ridiculously in love, and the phase became them both so well. . . . Presently the smile died away: she looked up at herself in a mirror on the wall, and a cold little twinge assailed her well-being. Roger as a married man! She recalled her elder-sisterly care of a little orphan Roger in petticoats, of Roger in knickerbockers, and Roger in Sandhurst white and red. He had been a boy until three days since: this was the declaration of his manhood. He was, in fact, so completely and satisfactorily emancipated that he left space behind him into which Helen herself could, with a clear conscience, expand. She turned her contemplation inwards. And that deliberate survey brought dusty things to light in a manner abrupt, and not a little startling to a conservative soul.

To begin with, she was no longer young. Mature, yes, rich with a splendid vitality—her quick brain, her tireless eyes, the healthfulness which possessed her body, refused to allow that she had made one downward step to the long slopes of middle age. But she was not a girl; she had lost the fine recklessness of youth; nature no longer delightfully tormented her; she could hear a thrush or greet a spring morning, now, without the leap of thirsty ecstasy. The twenties! She had done with *them*. They were over; and over, too, the first keenness of life's pleasures, replaced by a sober appreciation, a more judicial outlook upon the motley world.

Helen understood that, if she had not loved, and seemed at the present moment to have come to a centre of tolerance, where that rosy miracle was unlikely to

happen, she had also escaped its counterpoise of youthful suffering. She had been yielded, before she asked for it, that upper place, below which the multitude sweated and struggled, won hardly, or lost with all the bitterness of defeat. Roger's defection, for example, would have hurt her sharply enough. But he had always been the same lovable boy, with his warm heart open to her. The friends she had were well chosen, were staunch, honoured her, took friendship and gave it in equal measure. Nothing had happened, hitherto, in her life to cause her acute pain; and upon her healthy nature the tedious worries of little things shrivelled, and lost their power to fret.

She faced the glass without flinching. Her well-filled life, her ample sympathies, were written on it. She had heard herself called a distinguished-looking woman; her appearance, she knew, went far, bred confidence—not infrequently, confidences. But there were lines: smiles could leave their cross-marks as well as sorrows; the twenties, beyond doubt, were gone.

She reflected upon her use of them. Well! There had been Roger, of course. And, besides Roger, an educated perception, the entry to the inner circle of men and women whose hands touched the core of her world's

affairs. Family connections had something to do with this, and a magnetic entity something more. Not less cherished as food for a sentient being, the friendships that perfumed her holiday-time; the hum and roar of living London in the background of her thoughts; and the sanctuary of her little quiet house just beyond the turmoil. It had been a full time, a busy time. In the same decade, girls who had been her school friends had danced and flirted, played at work and played at love alternately, and come, sooner or later, to grips with the compelling Fate which forced them, it seemed, to marriage and the primitive issues of their womanhood. They had not all been willing: many of them had confessed that they envied her detachment; some of them had come to her secretly rebelling against love and the naked perils behind love, unwilling to give in to this arrogance of passion, modernly terrified by the claims of maternity. But they went the old way in the end; a door was shut behind them; and when they emerged again they had suffered, not deterioration—far from that—but a diminution of their wider interests, visible reversion to the accepted type of wife or mother.

Helen turned away from the glass and stood tapping her fingers on the table, her eyes distant. It was not

often that she found herself able even lukewarmly to envy these women of easy emotions, or to admit that their lives contained one lure for which she would exchange her placid reserve. But today Roger had passed out of her care, even if he did not, as yet, realise it; the loving energy she had conserved for him lay idle; life, for the moment, looked oddly meaningless. She began to see that there had been the particular human spur, all the time, behind her activities, and that without it there was the risk of flagging.

"I must content myself with being an interested spectator henceforward," she said. "It is good to see life as I see it, and perhaps it will satisfy. Oh, yes, and I have my friends, and they are worth having; even if they are only friends, no more—not one's own, not bound to one in any way."

She began to put some books in order, and so brought to view a letter which had been pushed underneath them. She looked at it vaguely for the moment, and then came suddenly to recollection, drew herself upright, and was the alert, amused woman of the world again.

"Oh, I deceive myself if I think I should have to live without human resources," she said. "They have



It was not her fault that there was no warmth of answering fingers to give.

a whim of thrusting themselves upon me. It is not that I am a really receptive person; as a matter of fact, I am selfish, and my condition, I am sure, is simply sluggish. But they come, they demand sympathy, and they insist that I can give it. This is Colonel Mortimer, no doubt, with a confidential account of how the Secretary for War took him at their meeting yesterday. Poor Lord Henry! If it has gone wrong he will be able to blame me for bringing them together. . . . The man has a brutal chin; he is self-assertive, and his manners are not pretty: I can see him shepherding a fat sheep into the fold. But at the same time he is clever—too clever to be elbowed aside. Oh . . . It is not—it is—why, it is from Lord Henry himself! Recrimination? Approval? Now, let me see."

She sat in her chair, with a hand upon the desk, and read the neat handwriting.

"Dear Helen," wrote Lord Henry, "your introduction bore fruit in due season. Your friend was manifestly afraid that this rare bird would escape him at the last, and so caged me, with what I considered unnecessary caution, in an angle of my own library. ["Exactly what he would do. I warned him you rang bells," murmured Helen, delighted.] He then exposed my ignorance with a few searching questions—"Yes, yes! That means you let him talk. If he said too much—"—and finally advanced his own views on—shall we say general subjects?—with considerable adroitness. I agree with you that he is a shrewd young man; I am not so sure that he is a pleasant one. Did you say he was one of the Somersetshire Mortimers? ["You know quite well that I did not. It is no good trying to squeeze him into one of your pet, well-preserved coverts."] Let me thank you for being the means of making personally known to me an officer who has been long familiar to me by repute, and whose address, if a little unconventional, undoubtedly commands attention. He dines, by the way, with us next Wednesday, and I understand that Lady Henry is going to write and ask you to give us the pleasure of your company on the same evening. Believe me to be, yours sincerely, HENRY FOLKESTONE."

"Familiar by repute! Dear, plausible, mendacious old gentleman!" was Helen's comment upon this friendly epistle, as she folded the thick paper and returned it to its envelope. "You had never heard of him until a month ago—wiffully never heard of him. Dines with you? That is better than one could have dared to wish. You must have been able to forgive him the shepherding, and perhaps in the end you will overlook his audacity in being born out of Somersetshire. 'Unconventional!' That means not of *your* world. No, he is not. To tell the truth, I don't believe he is what we have given up calling a gentleman at all; but there he is, a man with brains just when one is needed; and his unconventionality won't matter a bit, dear Lord Henry—if you can bear the heresy—to the country."

She leaned her cheek on her hand and sat thinking. She was frankly pleased with the result of her machinations. If she had not precisely discovered Colonel Mortimer, who probably thought his own merits quite sufficient to declare him, she had at least had the wit to join her conviction with that of the Indian General who had unearthed him, and she had set femininely to work to prove its sincerity. Mortimer had been passed on from hand to hand, all unconscious, no doubt, of the manœuvre. Helen had supplied the last link between the Indian General aforementioned and an elusive Secretary of State, whose wants other people could see before he would admit them himself.

Nevertheless, in spite of things having gone with an exemplary smoothness, Helen did not rest long upon her complacency. She shut her eyes; and to her mental vision intruded a stubborn, heavy-jawed man, consumed with a fierce, angry estimate of his own capabilities, blundering in his short-sighted male way into social cobwebs, committing solecisms, dressing vulgarly—doing, in fact, a hundred and one things, many of them not less serious because they were almost impalpable, to beset his way with thorns. And she had been the means of clostening him with Lord Henry Folkestone! That had turned out successfully, it seemed. But even Helen's audacity blanched a little at the thought of Lady Henry's coming survey of her protégé.

"If they don't appoint him, no doubt Ernest Lacy will be pitchforked in—and it is notorious that the whole Department is a perfect Augean stable of abuses. This is a *man*; they are growing rare, I believe. Think if we had another great war! What manner of figure would Lord Henry cut in history?" Here her sense of humour came to her rescue. She laughed. "He is such a kind old dear," she said, and shook her head, and walked to the window at the jingle of a stopping cab. She laid her hand on the curtain and stood still, thoughtfully observant of what was passing below.

Colonel George Mortimer, the subject of her thoughts, had handed the cabman his legal fare, argued the action out to his satisfaction, and watched the hansom crawl discontentedly away. Now he stood upon the doorstep under the striped awning, and went through a series of preparations, the key to which lay, as Helen recognised with mingled amusement and compunction, in some of her own recent utterances.

She had criticised a man for wearing bunches of jewellery on his watch-chain. Mortimer, who wore a silver albert chain, with a hideous gold and carbuncle locket dangling from it, carefully detached the latter, and transferred it to his pocket-book. He dusted his boots, he unbuttoned his frock-coat—Helen remembered the items. Then, adorning his sunburnt hands with gloves extracted from his coat-tails, he rang the bell, and filled up the interval by rolling his umbrella, and rolling it very badly.

He was a big, good-looking man, though the heavy jaw coarsened his face. Helen was not a little touched. She had been warned that he was an intractable creature; she had seen something of that in his unpopularity among men, the reserve with which those who knew him spoke of him. He had scarcely

even knowledge of the social small change that the stupidest mortals of her world possessed; only his mind, his almost brutal dominance over more superficial intellects, thrust him to the front. And not this alone could avail him, she feared, in a city where men trod delicately and trifled with vital issues.

He was slow to see—yes, to most counsellors, deaf; and yet she began to perceive that for her sake the lion was willing to roar her as gently as any sucking dove. She understood; she did not try to put away her understanding. This was her fault, she declared to herself at the discovery, half laughing, half remorseful. She had been preoccupied; she had dismissed the thought of him each time that he left her: now that she looked back, she blamed herself for not realising what had happened. She had been so full of Roger's little comedy that other people had had scant courtesy. But she had given him sympathy and advice: it was, from the crude point of view that he would inevitably take, encouragement.

"Colonel Mortimer," announced the maid.

Helen turned to him with a heightened colour. Her thoughts ran ahead of her; she caught her breath. If he could be taught to conduct his social businesses—if she could be his friend . . .

The sight of him threw the fancy to the winds. There was an ominous determination in his advance. He trod firmly; he was heavily grave; he entered, for the first time since they had known each other, without being palpably aware that there was furniture to evade. This man had never contented himself with half measures, and never would. In his step, in the plain resolve written upon his face, Helen saw the courage of the strategist, the man who plays with lives—his own, perhaps, among them.

So there the matter lay in the hollow of her hand! It was so frankly insistent, so undisguised, that she was amazed at her own stupidity in having failed to recognise it earlier. She could have checked its growth, possibly, a week or two before.

Would she have done so? Helen could not tell. The thing seemed to have been taken suddenly out of her control, and to be running swiftly to a crisis. The absurdity of a *gauche* nobody, who by no means, she was sure, came from Somersetshire, aspiring to Helen Caldwell, had lost its proper proportion, looked, even, a sham before intrusive actualities. This was a man with a future—a strong man bound; it was for her, if she did not shrink from the task, to unbind him.

Well, had she not been lamenting, ten minutes before, the grey monotony of her outlook? Love, of course, was out of the question; she was not a sentimental fool. There would be dismay and opposition among her friends; Lady Henry would laugh. It would be, plainly confessed, no more than ambition; but then, was not ambition, after all, the supreme passion of maturity? No, there would never be love—Helen was vexed that the convention forced itself forward again. . . . Would there not be, as years rolled on, an ample substitute for it in pride of intellect, in the co-operation of high interests, in gambling for stakes outside a single woman's hope? The leap in the dark! And Roger was no longer hers; she was free to deal with her own life as she pleased.

Colonel Mortimer, with his human desire in his eyes, with his red tie and his clumsy clothes and his victor's walk, looked her steadily in the face. He had already, without speaking, taken up a strong strategic position on the hearthrug. Helen rang for tea, a little annoyed with herself because her heart beat quickly.

II.

Six years later Roger Caldwell knocked and rapped furiously at the door in Sloane Street, and was admitted, an October chill pushing its way in beside him. It was five o'clock; a street-lamp twinkled murkily behind; the house smelt pleasant and welcoming. Mrs. Mortimer, the maid said, was in; the General had not yet returned from the War Office.

Roger took the stairs three at a time, and burst in upon Helen beside the fire.

"You've heard?" he said eagerly.

She rose.

"That it is war? Yes," she said.

"No more? He hasn't told you?"

"He has not been home since dinner-time yesterday."

"Oh! Why, of course, they're all up to their necks in it. He *didn't* tell you? The First Army Corps sails next week, and he's got it—he's got it! And he's going to put me on his staff. Oh, Helen, it is better than even you could have dreamed! And just think what a brick he is to take me! It looks so like a job; and you know the way he fights with jobs."

"I do indeed," Helen said, without smiling. She had been a witness to it for six years; she knew the buffets George Mortimer had received and dealt in that prolonged campaign. She thanked him inwardly for the blessed sight of Roger's beaming face. That was, in spite of all the aims of the strenuous years, the first thing of which she thought; it was as an afterthought, though one flung headlong upon the heels of the first, that the knowledge of Mortimer's preferment stood, with its claims and calls, before her.

"Congratulations, Nell," Roger was saying, with his hands on hers. "It's his chance, isn't it? And, by Jove, what luck for me!"

"Yes," Helen said, this time a little absently. "Thank you, Roger." She asked how Elsie had taken it, and how the babies were, and then, because of them and the warm nest that waited for him, she sent the young man away.

She went back to the fire and let the meaning of the crowding events defile before her.

This was how the beginnings of a great war affected a hundred thousand homes, with the vast brutal issues of it obscured by individual hopes and

fears; the policy of years, the fate of an empire, weighing less than one woman's fears or one man's aspirations. Therefore, the more honour to George Mortimer, whose patriotism never spoke, but never rested; who had foreseen to-day through the rebuffs and vexations and the weary delays of the past six years; who had courted unpopularity and run a-tilt against all high officialdom in order that the present hour might find his country ready. . . . And she, too, had contributed her mite; she had stood between him and endangered cobwebs a score of times; she had not let those who needed reminder forget that, though the man was an upstart, he had his link with their world, and who overlooked his head would still find her beyond him.

Six years of it; and now his time had come! Helen sighed involuntarily, remembering some incidents of the fray. She had been too clear-sighted to miss one fault, one blemish, great or small. In his home, of necessity, his strenuous qualities were less visible than certain jarring deficiencies of birth and temperament. He was honourable, he was a great fighter, a mighty worker; the pity of it that he was not thoroughbred! But by power of the obtuseness which was at once a vice and a virtue in him, she believed he barely suspected the meaning of that painful summary. They were unequally yoked, and it was the woman's more sensitive nature that must be galled. There was no time or place for healing in this rigid, inelastic bond of bed and board. Helen wondered sometimes that she had not become callous, and blamed herself for intolerance. Yet she had, she thought, held a restraint upon herself; she had not shown him that stupid trifles could disturb her, small matters, constantly recurring, vex. It was no more than a question of catch-words, all-pervading, of minor standards; he should never know that they spoke a different language, looked out upon the world with different eyes. Things, after all, hurt only the external Helen; the inner one was still upon her pedestal, still inaccessible, grown, perhaps, still more sceptical as the years went on of the possibility of any successful assault upon her fastness. She viewed the great comedy dispassionately, and saw George Mortimer with the eyes of a stranger. This was well for her own ease; Helen overlooked the fact that Mortimer, too, might possess a secret citadel. If she had ever entertained the idea it must have been dismissed promptly; he was too direct, too primitive, too much of an open book. And since her inner self preferred its pedestal to exploring strange countries, this conviction remained undisturbed in its aspect of him as the obvious man, the fighting man—no more. It made things simpler, of course. Helen was very glad to possess it.

Mortimer came home to dinner fagged but satisfied, preoccupied, but not too full of his preoccupations to look for her enjoyment of his success. He had a way of bringing his triumphs to her with a ruffle of justification; he was always most at his ease when he was successful. To-night he expanded, threw out his chest, leaned across to her, and bragged. "The others would never have done it. He had said this, and threatened that. . . ." Helen listened patiently, curbing her distaste. It was all true, absolutely true; what did it matter that he could not see he should be the last man to say it? He had the simplicity of a child in his boasting; it redeemed its vulgarity. In the meantime, the eyes that looked humbly enough to her were the quick, fierce eyes of a master of men, red-rimmed from strain and want of rest, lit with his flaming courage, his strength of purpose.

Towards the end of his tale, which came at dessert, his arm sprawled across the littered dinner-table. He emphasised a point by catching her wrist, and then, as if that touch confused him, faltered, lost tongue, drew aside, and stared at her. Helen took her hand back, but not unkindly. Only, she had given him fealty and service, deep attention, and the best of her intellect; it was not her fault that there was no warmth of answering fingers to give.

The fount of Mortimer's egoism seemed to dry at its source. He pulled his moustache into his mouth and began to bite it; he frowned at her under his brows.

"I wonder if you really care?" he said abruptly.

She was startled, and showed it.

"I do care. I care more than for any other cause in the world," she said. "I am proud of you, and glad for you."

The General stood up and tossed his napkin on to the table.

"I've got to go to Southampton to-night. Did I tell you?" he said.

It was the first time he had baffled her; something struck at Helen's complacency, hurting it.

"No, you did not. George, listen a moment. Is it possible you do not believe me?"

"Of course I do," he said. He rang the bell for his servant, and gave an order about his clothes and a hansom. He looked at his watch. "Shall barely do it, I believe." He went to the door, caught the handle, and then looked round at her, standing upright, his harsh face tired, his voice, for the first time, sagging to hoarseness.

"Care—yes!" he said. "You care for all *this*." His arm-sweep seemed to include the coming of high office, his present attainment. "I meant to ask if you cared for—me. . . . Well, you needn't answer that, you know; keep it to yourself, Helen. I make no calls upon anything you do not choose to show; and—and—I've seen all the rest."

Helen did not answer. What was there to say? He came back across the room, saluted her perfunctorily, and was gone. But when the door shut upon him she rose and walked to and fro, her sense of security disturbed unexpectedly. She thrust the menace to peace away from her in the end; she was ready to face him when he returned with all her grave gentleness; and he came in due course, and asked no more questions, and took the crumbs of her poverty. A week later he sailed, and the crash of cheers from the crowd drowned his wife's good-bye to him.

(To be concluded.)

THE POPE'S CHANGE OF AIR: SUMMER IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY ALFREDO MORETTI, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ROME.



The Pope.

Cardinal Merry del Val.

THE PRISONER OF THE VATICAN PASSING TO HIS SUMMER QUARTERS IN A REMOTE PART OF THE PAPAL GARDENS.

It was related of Pusey, when at Oriel College, that he laughed at men who took exercise, saying that when he required a walk he sat by the open window. The voluntary prisoner of the Vatican is not quite so circumscribed as regards exercise. Nevertheless, his Holiness's summer change of air is rather a pleasing fiction than a fact, for he must take his villeggiatura no further from Rome than a remote part of the Vatican grounds.

RUSSIAN GUNS: EXAMPLES OF ORDNANCE USED AT PORT ARTHUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L. DE ST. FÉGOR; ARTICLE BY F. T. JANE.

Port Arthur was for a time believed to be an impregnable fortress bristling with hundreds of guns. For the most part the Russian guns are obsolete. The modern weapons are unduly few for an important base, and ammunition for them is probably scarce.

The older type Obuchoff guns are, in substance, of the antique Krupp pattern, poor of range and inaccurate in aim. They fire very slowly also. The bulk of guns at Port Arthur are of this type, of 10-in. and 11-in. calibre, but with the penetration of modern guns of not half their bore. Some of these are on disappearing mountings of the Moncrieff type. Modern Obuchoff guns are of quite a different pattern. The rifling and breech mechanism are of the French Schneider-Canet design, and they differ from French guns only in minor matters of detail.

Schneider-Canet guns are the best in the world in the matter of penetration, bearing much the same relation to other makes as the Belleville boiler (also a French invention) does to other water-tube generators, or as French submarines

again attempt the same thing, but not so often. A horrible disaster is, of course, the result, should the attempt to fire succeed. Thanks to the Makaroff

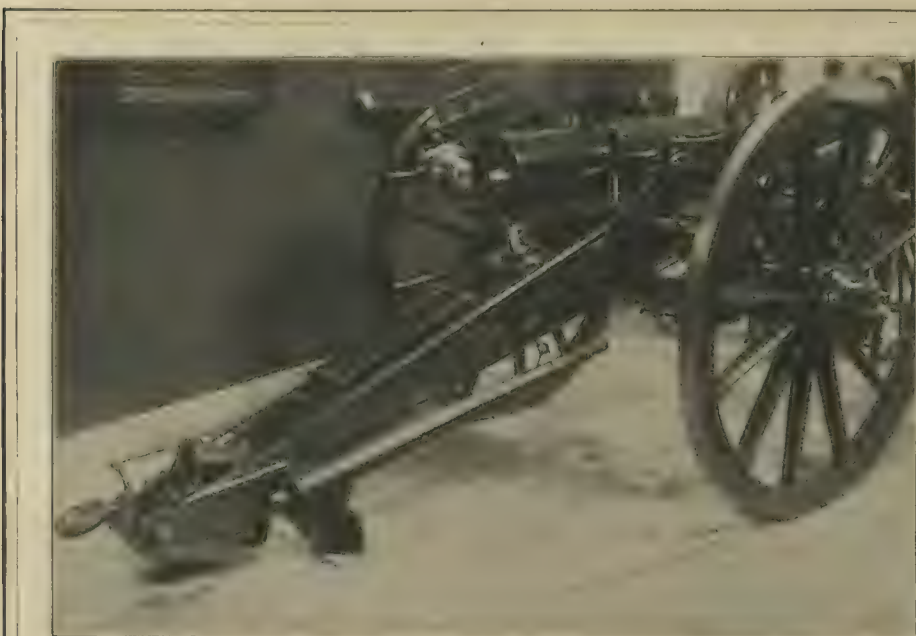
mounted at Vladivostok. At Port Arthur there are not many such guns, the bulk of the modern pieces there being 6-in. or 4.7-in.—neither of them types very

A second Makaroff innovation—a peculiarity of Russian guns, and a very excellent peculiarity—is a triangular wedge below the breech-block, upon which the block works when the breech is opened. This takes up all the strain upon the hinges, so often to be observed in other makes of guns, and obviates all risk of the piece being put out of action from this cause. It was evolved after experiments with shells bursting near guns. In these it was noted that a very small hit upon an open breech-block was likely to make it very difficult to close the breech afterwards. As a breech-block in action is open at least half the time, perhaps two-thirds of the time with slow-loading guns, the importance of the device will be seen. Curiously enough, however, no other nation has adopted it.

The 10-in. gun, to which reference has been made above, is largely



THE NEW RUSSIAN MORTAR (OBUCHOFF PATTERN) FOR FIRING STAR-SHELL.



THE ENGELHARDT 87-MM. QUICK-FIRING FIELD-GUN, AND A HEAVY GUN OF POSITION.

to those invented elsewhere. Russia in her latest pattern guns has had all the genius brought to bear that is available. The modern 45-calibre 10-in. carried by the *Peresviet* and *Pobieda* is without an equal for power among guns of corresponding date, except that the rate of fire is slow. This slowness is due chiefly to the inventions of the late Admiral Makaroff, who devised innumerable details, all fitted with one object—to neutralise the stupidity of the Russian gunner. Russia is terribly handicapped by the primitive simplicity of the moujik warrior, whose intentions are ever better than his performances. These improvements include a special safety firing apparatus—no less than three devices, each of which has to be locked before the gun can be fired. The normal gun has but one such safety check. The Makaroff device makes greatly for safety, but kills all speed. It may be added that it is a necessary thing in the circumstances that obtain, for Russian sailors have a weakness for trying to fire their guns before the breech is properly closed. Sailors in other navies now and

devices, no Russian modern gun has killed or injured any of its crew. The confidence borne of this safety is worth something to the men behind the gun.

suitable for defence against battle-ships. The shore-defence 10-in. guns firing capped AP shell can, if they hit direct, penetrate the belts of all the Japanese battle-ships at 3000 yards, and possibly at 4000 yards; beyond, they cannot. This penetration is, however, somewhat legendary, because the ships would be at an angle, which makes penetration more difficult. Speaking generally, they could not inflict a vital blow in any circumstances. They are handicapped, too, by the powder that they use. This is a nitro-cellulose of a somewhat unstable nature, easily deteriorating. That at Port Arthur has, from all accounts, deteriorated.

A Russian gun of which a good deal has been heard of late is the Englehardt quick-firing 12-pounder field-piece. The peculiarity of this gun is that the recoil is taken up by indiarubber instead of by springs. There is some reason to think that it is a complete failure on account of this: climatic conditions have given trouble with the rubber, while the lubricating oil that cannot be kept off it tends to destroy it altogether. The piece, which is an Austrian invention, is otherwise good.



THE 9-IN. GUN AT PORT ARTHUR, WITH DISAPPEARING AND RECOVERING MACHINERY.

There are five of these pieces at Port Arthur.

YELLOW LABOUR IN SOUTH AFRICA: METHODS OF REGISTRATION.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.



PHOTOGRAPHING CHINESE LABOURERS BEFORE LANDING AT DURBAN.

An exact system of registration of Chinese coolies for South Africa has been instituted at the seaports. Before each batch of labourers is permitted to land, the coolies are photographed individually. On facing the camera, each man has to hold up a slate bearing his number on the register, and the negatives are thus automatically indexed.

BACK FROM THE WARS: A STREET SCENE IN HIROSHIMA.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.



FIGHTING THEIR BATTLES OVER AGAIN: A RETURN OF SICK AND WOUNDED TO JAPAN.

MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "Passing through Hiroshima, I noticed the scene here depicted. No sooner had I taken up my sketch-book than two policemen appeared, one on each side of me. My interpreter said I was only sketching the houses, and, after consultation, the police said I might have five minutes. Long before the time was up, however, I was told I must stop; but I managed to obtain sufficient material by walking up and down and making notes in the palm of my hand."

A TEMPLE PRISON-HOUSE: JAPAN'S HANDSOME TREATMENT OF HER RUSSIAN CAPTIVES.

Drawn by H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.



RUSSIAN PRISONERS FROM NAN-SHAN AND KIN-CHAU IN A BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT MATSUYAMA, JAPAN.

MR. VILLIERS WRITES: "The prisoners' greatcoats, in which they had lived and fought in Manchuria, seem now to take a perpetual airing outside the temple, and, on entering their prison, the Russians leave their top-boots round and about the doorstep, as is the custom in Japan. The prisoners are here depicted at their mid-day meal, which they are allowed to cook themselves. Those who wait upon their comrades, and who have to move about outside the building, do not approach further with their boots on than the top step of the 'stoep' of the temple. I am glad to testify that I have never, in the course of my many campaigns, seen prisoners, whether disabled, sick, or wounded, so thoroughly well cared for as these Russians are by the Japanese at Matsuyama."

IN THE ROCKY FASTNESSES OF MANCHURIA: A GENERAL AND HIS ESCORT.

DRAWN BY GEORGE SCOTT.



GENERAL RENNENKAMPF AND HIS COSSACKS.

TWO INTERMEDIARIES: THE MARCHING SCREEN AND THE CORRESPONDENTS' AGENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. HARE, REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."



TO DECEIVE THE ENEMY: THE JAPANESE TROOPS ADVANCING BEHIND BAMBOO SCREENS.



THE INTERPRETER AND MEDIUM BETWEEN THE CORRESPONDENTS AND THE GENERAL STAFF: CAPTAIN OKADA PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE TRENCHES.



THE WEARIENESS OF STRIFE; THE DAWN OF ANOTHER DAY AT PORT ARTHUR.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

VOLUNTARY AND INVOLUNTARY HALTS IN MANCHURIA: WITH THE COMBATANTS ON BOTH SIDES IN THE FAR EAST.

JAPANESE PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. HARP, REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF "COLLIER'S WEEKLY"; RUSSIAN PHOTOGRAPH BY M. PRÉVIGNAUD.



A HALT IN THE SHADE: A COMPANY OF THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL GUARD RESTING ON THE MARCH.



THE CAMP KITCHEN IN DIFFICULTIES: THE LATE GENERAL COUNT KELLER'S COOKING-MACHINES STUCK IN THE MUD BETWEEN LIAO-YANG AND HAI-CHENG.



THE HUMOROUS JAPANESE SOLDIER: BURLESQUES OF GEISHA-DANCING BY THE PRIVATES AT FENG-HWANG-CHENG.

SMOOTHING THE WAY, AND NEW KITS FOR OLD ONES: INCIDENTS OF THE JAPANESE CAMPAIGN IN MANCHURIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. HARE, REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."



SAPPER FORERUNNERS OF THE ARMY: JAPANESE PIONEERS NORTH OF FENG-HWANG-CHENG.



JAPANESE SOLDIERS EXCHANGING OLD UNIFORMS FOR NEW AT THE QUARTERMASTER'S.



IN THEIR NEW KIT: JAPANESE SOLDIERS AFTER RECEIVING THEIR UNIFORMS AT THE QUARTERMASTER'S.

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The Philanthropist. By John F. Causton. (London: John Lane, 6s.)

A Sketch of Egyptian History. By Lady Amherst of Hackney. (London: Methuen, 10s. 6d.)

Mr. Gleig's "Life of Wellington" is so well known that these reminiscences are of great interest. The writer had served as a combatant officer in the Peninsula, but his acquaintance with the Duke dated only from his establishment as a country clergyman in Kent. A strong Tory, he was to a considerable extent taken into the Duke's confidence in political affairs, and did some political service with his pen. But the intimacy was cooled when Mr. Gleig, as Chaplain-General, instituted innovations of which the veteran disapproved. While it lasted, the writer was a constant guest at Walmer and Strathfieldsaye. The book does not give much positively new information, but it was well worth publishing. Of the Duke's military career it naturally says little, but with it is printed an interesting memorandum by Wellington on Napoleon's Russian campaign. It is important chiefly as showing in a more favourable light a great man with whose memory is too often associated a somewhat false idea of unamiability. Not that the Iron Duke was anything but formidable: several amusing instances are given of his insistence on literal obedience—his annoyance, for example, when one of his sons made private inquiries before executing a charitable commission, and thereby saved his father from being defrauded. If the Duke was asked for advice he expected it to be followed. But it is evident that a good deal of his reputation for harshness was due to his horror of anything like gush. His whole life was regulated by a stern sense of duty, and he expected the same sense of duty in others. Hence he did not care to appeal to other chords in the human heart, which some great commanders have touched with success. There are good stories in the book; but others equally good, perhaps apocryphal, find no place. On the delicate questions of the Duke's family relations the author speaks with judgment. He relates how, as Warden of the Cinque Ports, he reported his own eldest son to the Horse Guards for turning out in a dressing-gown when he paid a surprise visit to Dover Castle. This makes one think there may be truth in the story that the old man omitted from the invitations to a party at Walmer Lord Doro alone of all the officers of the Dover garrison, since his son was the only officer who had not paid a formal call on the Warden! On the never very cordial relations between Wellington and Peel the book throws some new light. Mr. Gleig's comment that two centuries earlier Wellington would have been a Cavalier, Peel a Roundhead, is as illuminating as it is sound. The Duke was notoriously not quite successful as a politician: these reminiscences help us to see exactly why he was not. And for some of us the reasons will reflect additional credit on a great man. The paradox that a man whose one idea was duty should condemn political "principle" is both fresh and instructive.

The desire to write a novel round Portland is a thing innocent in itself, but it is a great advantage to have first a story that must be told rather than a setting that calls for a story. Mr. Hardy has made his own use of that strange peninsula, with its peculiar folk and odd customs; and though some of us may think "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved" his least successful novel, its existence should at least make the amateur ponder whether he (or she) really has justification for a new romance. Miss King Warry, unfortunately, has very little idea of blending her plot and her atmosphere. She tells a familiar tale—scene laid in King George's days, beautiful village maiden, rustic lover who takes a huff and goes off to fight Boney, handsome gentleman who comes a-wooing, and all the rest of it—and by not very learned discussions on Portland, and not very profound reflections on the universe, endeavours to transmute it into what one may call an atmospheric novel. The result is not successful. There is too much Portland stone and too little cement. We are informed of facts interesting enough in their way, but not allowed to read them between the lines. The characters are all purely conventional, and each successive stage of their development can be foretold by a hardened novel-reader. If, as is likely enough, she really has intimate knowledge of the Portland men (who are certainly of a race distinct from their Dorset neighbours, and have, or had till lately, their own institutions), she would probably have done better to give it forth in essays than in fiction.

Miss Annie Holdsworth has found a very graceful thread of fancy on which to string the ten stories in "A Garden of Spinsters," for she has named every tale after a flower, and has worked the significance of the title into each little love-story. Her spinsters are, for the most part, as harmless and wistfully sad as faded flowers; the sentiment which surrounds them is one of broken lives, of lost loves and self-sacrifice, of incompatible marriages relinquished for an ideal, or escaped from by the favour of Providence. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add to this that the stories are not very robust, that they lack reality—that they are, in short, too prettily planned out to carry conviction with them. The main idea of the book as a garland of flowers has been adhered to faithfully; its atmosphere is vaguely romantic and sweet-savoured, and is quite apart from the rough blasts

of realities. We are afraid that people who like stir and bustle in their fiction will have scant patience with "A Garden of Spinsters"; if indeed, a title so unsensational does not prevent their opening it. They will miss something, for there is a pathetic charm about the book, and it may be taken homeopathically as an antidote to the furious raging of young masculine authors. At the same time, an excess of sentimentality seems likely to be Miss Holdsworth's pitfall: there is more than a suspicion of sickliness about some of her spinsters' views of life. The shocks of Fate do not come to most people intertwined with rosemary and scented with lavender.

We do not think either "The People of the Whirlpool" or "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife" is known to English readers, so that a third volume of their series may be received with some preliminary queries. What, for instance, is a "commuter," besides being the husband of the Barbara who compiles (mostly in journal form) this story? The reviewer confesses to inability to answer the question; or to find the chosen method of narration probable. Barbara is an American Elizabeth, without the flippancy of that delightful person, with a less spontaneous touch in gardening matters, and a more serious eye for her friends' dilemmas. She is, to put it briefly, an inferior artist; but she is still a sufficiently entertaining person, and she has a clever knack of portraiture. "The Woman Errand," which is a very fair-sized novel, purports to be merely extracts from her "Wonder Book"; and when we gather that she keeps two other private journals as well, is a devoted wife, and the mother of (American) twins, we estimate Barbara herself to be a wonder of no mean degree. Here she is principally concerned with the affairs of sundry young women, and her observation appears to discover that the college-bred American girl, when let loose upon the world, is in many instances not only superfluous, but a stumbling-block to humanity in general, while her judgment at critical moments is liable to be vitiated by unsteady nerves. Evidently the "woman errand" is to be a problem in the United States; it is satisfactory to find that, in fiction at any rate, retribution dogs her intrusive footsteps. This is, in spite of a touch of priggishness, a bright and interesting book.

"The Philanthropist" was evidently destined to illustrate certain well-worn truths placed in the mouth of one of its characters: "Humbug and vanity are the keystones of philanthropy nowadays; you can't blame the individual; it is in the air, and one catches it as one would do fever, or any other epidemic disease. . . . One of the fashions is to get as near the top of the subscription list as they can by hook or by crook. To some it is an excellent advertisement for their business; to others it is a tickler to their vanity. . . . If this age is remarkable for anything, it is for the recrudescence of the Pharisee." Unfortunately, worthy though its object be, the novel is not only very obvious in construction, plot, and detail, but lacking in either the cynical or the good-natured humour that would have made it tolerable; the dialogue, natural enough perhaps to the characters, is uniformly dull; the whole, an unentertaining medley of match-making and Methodism, a particularly damp squib. "The Philanthropist" himself, upon whose doings the book depends, is a sleek rogue, common enough in fact and fiction, but too bluff, too ordinary, too canting a rogue to possess the interest attaching to the person of a more ingenious and less sanctimonious villain. His "work," done, as his fashionable and equally unscrupulous wife has it, "for fiddlesticks, and to the glory of Raymond Loftus"; his schemes for his Orphanage; his borrowings from that Orphanage's funds, on the principle of most embezzlers, with the avowed intention of "paying back"; his fall under the journalistic knife of the editor of "The Dissector"; his rise on funds provided by his daughter's most obliging lover; his final collapse, and his blend of hypocrisy, cant, complacency, and vanity, handled by a Dickens, would have resulted in a masterly, if perhaps a trifle exaggerated, study of manner. Mr. Causton is not a Dickens.

Few countries of the world can rival Egypt in their appeal to our abiding interest. Whether we consider the history of the world's civilisation or the development of religion from its cradle, or any other of the great problems that confront the thinking man, some knowledge of the part that Egypt has played is indispensable. Even to-day the country's story has not been fully told; the Egyptologist sees before him a mass of work that his generation may not hope to accomplish, and, working with tireless industry and patience, he must needs be content if each year finds some small addition made to the sum of our knowledge. Egypt fascinates one and all; the temptation to study her varied career is overpowering. Among the latest contributors to the large library of books dealing with the land of the Pharaohs is Lady Amherst of Hackney, whose "Sketch of Egyptian History" makes quite a bulky volume, though it does not claim to be more than an abridgment from larger works. Great care has been taken in the preparation of this volume, and its illustrations, though not always nearly related to the text, are of more than common merit; but it would not be fair to say that Lady Amherst has been entirely successful in her treatment of the large amount of material selected. Indeed, it may be urged that the selection itself was not altogether judicious: the reader sometimes feels that the trees keep him from seeing the wood. It does not suffice to be an intelligent enthusiast in dealing with a subject so vast and so imposing. Only the trained historian or the writer whose feeling for perspective is highly developed can give to the mass of fact and tradition that makes Egyptian history, the order, sequence, and interest that are quite worthy the subject. This "Sketch of Egyptian History" is sound, reliable, and would seem to have been most conscientiously compiled; it may even claim place as a work of reference, but the dry bones of Egypt are nowhere called to life within its four hundred pages.

A TREASURY OF FOLKLORE.

For a certain type of mind, kindred quotations have an irresistible attraction, and there are probably few persons with a turn for literary curiosities who do not desire, on hearing a quotation, to range alongside of it all the half-remembered parallels that float nebulously in the brain; better still, to pin each one down to its author or familiar source. It was Lord Chancellor Campbell who said, "Each man has his hobby, and mine is not to suffer a quotation to slip without identification. It is fortunate that I am not a despotic monarch, or I would certainly make it felony without benefit of clergy to quote a passage without giving a plain reference." Campbell's saying was, in effect and by admission, the motto of the late Mr. Vincent Stuckey Lean, whose monumental collection of proverbs and folklore, culled from the literature and the speech of Europe, has now been published by his executors. The five great volumes (Arrowsmith) may not, it is true, contain any formulated contributions towards a systematisation of the proverbs, folklore, and superstitions which are here marshalled in such endless ranks, but there is at least an intelligent grouping under subject-headings, and the work must remain a valuable collection of material for the folklorist, the philologist, and even the mere verifier of chance quotations.

Curious similarities, and even the history of familiar sayings, may be traced from the examples which Mr. Lean ranged side by side through many years of assiduous labour; but it is to the volumes of folklore and to the contributions to "Notes and Queries" that one turns for the material of the greatest interest. Faithful to Campbell's maxim, Mr. Lean has run every instance to earth, and has marked it with its due reference. On the superstitions of ill-luck his lore is voluminous and curious, and the reader realises how almost infinite are the variations of one radical superstition. To miss your mouth in eating and drop your victuals is a sign of approaching sickness, whence the French proverb, *Garde bien de casser vos dents*. So Pliny: *Cibus etiam e manu prolapsus reddebatur, utique per mensas: vetabantque munditiarum causâ deflere*. Every time you turn a loaf upside down, a ship is wrecked. On this the Dutch say, "If a loaf lies topsy-turvy it is not good"; and Scott, in "The Tales of a Grandfather," says, "Never turn a loaf in the presence of a Menteith"; and Hazlitt, in his "English Proverbs," quotes, "Are there traitors at the table, that the loaf is turned the wrong side upwards?" It is well that a girl should leave the last portion on the dish for the fairies, for if she take it she will not be married in that year. The superstitions of salt are, of course, legion. Mr. Lean illustrates, by an anecdote, Horace's

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensâ tenui salinum,
Nec leves somnos timor aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.

Someone who attended a sale of furniture in Wales was informed that he must purchase the salt-box. "I bid," says the narrator, "for that valuable piece of work, and no one attempted to bid against me. I was afterwards told ill-luck would pursue me if I had not bought the salt-box." On the question of "Help you to salt, help you to sorrow," Mr. Lean mentions the less well-known belief that by a second helping the ill-luck may be averted. The same difficulty existed in the case of helping to brains—probably, Mr. Lean suggests, from the awkwardness of the question, "May I give you some brains?" He recalls Athenæus' statement that the Greeks would not even mention them. The idea that ill-fortune attended the spilling of salt arose from the belief of the ancients that salt was incorruptible. It was therefore made the symbol of friendship, and if it fell casually they thought their friendship would not be of long duration. It is a matter of common knowledge that in Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" the betrayer is represented in the act of spilling salt, and there are endless references to the belief in literature. The *Spectator* instances the averting of the evil spell by throwing the salt over the left shoulder. Swift, in a flattering verse, says of the superstition: "'Tis what Vanessa never did"; and George Wither smiles at it in "Abuses Stript and Whipt."

Even the most sensible people will draw you back if they see you about to walk under a ladder, the ill-luck of which *Punch* once demonstrated in a caricature showing a paint-pot inverted upon the rash adventurer's head. The rude remedy for this unfortunate proceeding is to spit three times after or through the ladder. Strong-minded women of the new school who have not the fear of the paint-pot or other evil before their eyes will probably hesitate to show their contempt of superstition by walking under a ladder when they hear that it prevents the single marrying for that year, and to the married betokens death. The Dutch held that it was a sign that you would be hanged, because of the important part which a ladder used formerly to play in the last act of the law. The Scotch, on the other hand, hold that you should wish on being compelled to pass under a ladder. No doubt the rationale of the belief is this: If you pass under a ladder voluntarily, it is unlucky. If you are compelled to do it, it cannot be unlucky, is probably lucky, and at such an auspicious moment you should wish.

To marriage, children, times and seasons, superstitions innumerable are attached and form a large proportion of these Collectanea, which will remain the monument of a somewhat remarkable personality. Vincent Stuckey Lean was born in 1820 at Clifton. Among his playmates were John and Henry Lawrence, afterwards Lord Lawrence and Sir Henry Lawrence, so famous in the history of India. He was for a time in his father's bank in Bristol, but afterwards entered the Middle Temple, and was called to the Bar in 1843. He never practised, but lived the life of a student and traveller. He was also an amateur in music and painting. The manuscripts of the collections under review have been left by will to the British Museum.



MATÉRIEL FOR THE WAR : COALING AND LOADING JAPANESE TRANSPORTS IN SHIMONOSEKI HARBOUR.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.



"DAS HURNUSSEN," A POPULAR SWISS PASTIME.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER FROM A SKETCH BY A SWISS CORRESPONDENT.

The game is especially popular in the Canton of Berne. It is played by teams of six to eight a side. One party strikes the ball from the sloping block on the ground with an oar-shaped racquet; the others throw their kite-shaped racquets at the egg-shaped ball, or "hurnuss," and try to bring it down. If they do so, they score a point. After an interval they change sides.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

CRABS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

The sight of a small crab waddling across a sandy strip of beach recalled to my mind to-day the interesting fact that if a naturalist is in want of a subject for an interesting study, he may go farther and fare worse by a neglect of that large and interesting group of animals known as the crustaceans. It is, in truth, a very varied assortment of forms this, which includes the crabs and lobsters as its aristocrats, and such creatures as the barnacles and their like as its groundlings. The crustaceans, indeed, might well be regarded as corresponding to that phrase which applies to humanity, and which denominates "all sorts and conditions of men." Zoologists have written big books about them, and have even suggested that within the limits of the class some far-back ancestor of the vertebrates might be found. Then it is a group, this, which exhibits a venerable antiquity, for fossil crustaceans occur in some of the oldest of rocks.

Altogether, we have a class of animals here which for variety of form and habit is without a rival in the animal scale. The crab which scuttled across the sand illustrated in its own way one feature of the group. The shore crab has an olive-green body marked with other tints. It might seem a fairly conspicuous object; but watch it, as I did, making for a place of safety. It finds a convenient stone, gets close up against the object, covered with a seaweed incrustation, and then, like Brer Rabbit, "lies low." Your eyes will require to be very sharp if you are to detect the crab as it lies against its rock. Its hue harmonises perfectly with its environment, and it is hidden from enemies so far, though it soon begins to dig downwards into the sand to secure a greater measure of safety.

A far more ingenious mode of concealment is found in the case of other crabs. These actually cover themselves with seaweeds in order the better to deceive their foes. One crab was seen by Eisig in 1878 to pluck off zoophytes, those plant-like animal colonies which grow on shells and stones, and to fix them on the spines and hairs of its shell. This is mimicking the art of the actor with a vengeance. But a still deeper romance of defensive tactics is to be found in the case of certain hermit-crabs. They live in the cast-off shells of whelks, and crawl about, house on back. One claw is bigger than the other, and this is an adaptive feature, for when the crab retires into its house, the bigger claw is tucked across the mouth of the shell to bar the way against a possible intruder. More curious still is the habit of one species which toils along with a sea-anemone fixed to his shell, like Sindbad carrying the Old Man of the Sea.

Great care is taken of this anemone. It is fed by the crab, and if the latter has to seek a new shell by reason of his growth, he tenderly shifts his tenant off the old abode and places him on the new one. This association between crab and anemone is not unparalleled in other groups of the animal world, where very strange friendships and associations between different animals may be found. We invariably suspect that the one animal gains an advantage therefrom, if not, indeed, both. For no hungry fish, which might enjoy the crab as a dainty morsel, will take the crab plus the anemone, and so both are left severely alone. One Japanese hermit uses a sponge in the same way, and makes a kind of protective hood or mantle of it. The habit as we see it to-day is wonderful enough, but what shall we say of its initiation and evolution? How many starts and stages were represented, and how many failures, before the once chance feature became crystallised into a permanent trait of the race?

The lobsters and shrimps are interesting creatures if we regard them apart from their merely edible and practical aspects. A lobster has appendages attached to each of the twenty joints which comprise its body, and very wonderful is it to find that, despite the dissimilarities we see in these joints, they all start at least from one and a common type, best seen preserved in the appendages of the tail. In front you find one pair of very long feelers, and a pair of shorter ones. The lobster's kidneys are found in the base joints of the former, and his ears in the base joints of the latter. Very curious ears they are. Each is a sac or bag, containing fluid and "ear-stones," these last being particles of mineral matter, or, in some cases, particles of sand. They increase the vibrations set up by sound-waves, which in due season impinge on the delicate cells of the ear, which contain the ends of the nerve of hearing. These last in turn convey the impressions to what serves our lobster by way of a brain, and a very respectable nervous mass it is.

When lobsters and their neighbours cast their coats, the lining of the ear is shed with the shell. Long ago Farre, who discovered the ear in the lobster, contended that the mineral particles found in the ears were grains of sand, which the animals picked up and placed within the hearing organs. This was doubted, but Hensen on one occasion examined a shrimp after moulting, and found, naturally, no ear-stones in the ears. It was true the shrimps could be seen picking up grains of sand, though their actual conveyance to the sacs had not been demonstrated. Hensen placed in the water some crystals of uric acid. Just after moulting, a shrimp had sand-grains in the ears, but no crystals. Three hours later, however, crystals of the acid were found in the ear, while no sand particles were to be discerned. No doubt exists, therefore, that our crustaceans really exhibit this remarkable habit, which again may well puzzle us to account for its beginnings. The human being himself is often warned against putting things into his ears; the crustacean, on the other hand, finds this bad habit of humanity a necessity of its existence.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J W WOOD.—The amended problem shall be examined. In the former version there was no Black Knight on the board.

E J R.—(1) Kt takes P is the defence. (2) In sending your solutions it is not necessary to indicate the weak defences.

F GUINNESS.—At the moment we have not got the solutions you require at hand.

J PAUL DALLIN AND P. DALY.—Your problems are under examination.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3129 received from Fred Long (Santiago) and G R M (New Zealand); of No. 3130 from Fred Long and G R M; of No. 3131 from R H Hixon (New York) and J West (Washington); of No. 3141 from R H Hixon, C Field (New York), F Drakeford, Rev. A Mays (Bedford); of No. 3142 from T W W (Bootham), J W (Campsie), H A Calcutt (Richmond), C Burnett, F Drakeford, A G (Pancsova), Mrs. Mundy (Lybridge), R F H Edward (Sydenham), Albert Wolff (Putney), E G Rodway (Trowbridge), and G Fisher; of No. 3143 from G C B, A G F Oppenheim, C E Perugini (Kensington), T W W (Bootham), Albert Wolff, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), E Fear Hill (Trowbridge), E J Winter-Wood, Doryman, Rev. A Mays, T Roberts, R Worters, Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), R F H Edward, R C L (Oxford), J W (Campsie), and George Fisher (Belfast).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3144 received from Albert Wolff, Alpha, H S Brandreth (Paris), T Roberts (Hackney), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), F Oppenheim, T Smith (Brighton), Doryman, Reginald Gordon, John Drevon (Birmingham), Café Glacier (Marseilles), R C L, Sorrento, T W W (Bootham), Patrick C Littlejohn (Rugby), F Ede (Canterbury), E Fear Hill, F R Pickering (Forest Hill), J A S Hanbury (Moseley), Shadforth, G C B, C C Haviland (Frimley Green), R Worters (Canterbury), C Burnett, Phipps Carey, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), L Desanges (West Drayton), E J Winter-Wood, J Tooley, R Prichard Hitchen, C E Perugini (Kensington), and J W Wood.

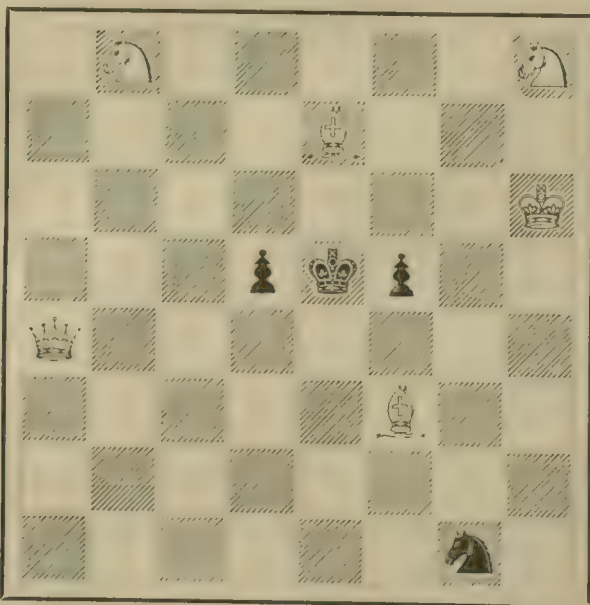
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3143.—By C. BURNETT.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Kt 7th B takes R
2. Kt to Kt 4th (ch) K takes P
3. Q mates.

Above is the author's solution, but 1. R takes B is another way.

PROBLEM No. 3146.—By E. J. WINTER-WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the National Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. MACKENZIE and MÜLLER.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. Mackenzie).	BLACK (Mr. Müller).	WHITE (Mr. Mackenzie).	BLACK (Mr. Müller).
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	15. P takes Kt	P takes B
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	16. R to Kt sq (ch)	K to R sq
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	17. Q to B 2nd	Q to B 2nd
4. P to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Q 2nd	18. Q to K B 2nd	K P takes P
5. P to K 3rd	P to B 3rd	19. Q to R 4th	K to Kt sq
6. Kt to B 3rd	Q to R 4th	20. R to B 2nd	
7. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 5th	21. Threatening R takes Kt, with an easy win.	
8. B to B 4th	B to Kt 5th	22. The rest is beautifully played by White and he forces a fine victory with only a piece and a Pawn on each side off the board.	
9. R to B sq	Q Kt to B 3rd	23. B takes P (ch)	Resigns.
10. Kt to K 5th	Castles		
11. B to Q 3rd	P to K R 3rd		
12. P to B 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd		
13. P to B 5th	Kt to B 4th		
14. P to Kt 4th	P to K Kt 4th		

A disastrous mistake, but Black was evidently tired of touring his Knight.

Another Game in the Tournament, between Messrs. LEONHARDT and TEICHMANN.

(Giuoco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. L.).	BLACK (Mr. T.).	WHITE (Mr. L.).	BLACK (Mr. T.).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. Kt (Q 2) tks P	B to R 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. Kt takes Kt (ch)	Q takes Kt
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	18. Kt to Q 5th	Q to Q 3rd
4. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	19. Kt takes B	R P takes Kt
5. P to Q 4th	P takes P	20. Q to B 4th	Q to Q 2nd
6. P takes P	Kt to Kt 3rd	21. P to Q 5th	Kt to K 4th
7. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
8. Castles	B to K 5th		
9. B to K 3rd	Castles		
10. B to Kt 3rd	R to K sq		
11. Q to Q 3rd	P to K R 4th		
12. Q R to K sq	P to K R 3rd		
13. Kt to Q 2nd	B to Kt 3rd		
14. P to K B 4th			
15. P to B 5th	P to Q 4th		
	P takes P		
		25. P takes P	R takes B
		26. Q takes B (ch)	Q to K 3rd
		27. Q takes P	Q to Q 4th
		28. R to Q sq	Resigns.

In this opening the K B P supported by the Rook becomes very formidable, and under such circumstances Morphy never missed the chance of advancing it. Its value here is obvious.

Kt to R 4th seems inviting, but apparently it leads to an exchange of Queens, after which White's Bishops would be dangerous.

There is nothing else to be done. White, with no superiority of force and in an apparently very open position, outmanoeuvres his opponent with surprising effect.

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IN GROUSELAND ONCE AGAIN.

It seems that no more than a few weeks have passed since the grouse packs were flying so hard and so high that further sport on the moors was impossible. On the high hills ptarmigan were assuming their pure white winter dress in place of the dull grey that served them so well in summer, while in the low-lying plantations, among the birch, juniper, and alder trees, the artful black cock and grey hen managed to keep the guns at a safe distance. The season of fine weather, a very brief one, had passed, and, crossing the border, one left high winds and driving rain behind. Now the winter and spring have revolved, another summer is on the wane, the heather will be aflower amid the bilberry and ling, and the red grouse, most British of game-birds, will have forgotten the days wherein they saw trouble, and will lead their young lazily and easily over the butts that must so soon be tenanted. These very early August days are the best that come to the young grouse. He has survived the dangers of the spring season, when he cannot fly and must needs hide when the moor is swept by keen-eyed birds of prey, the buzzard or the hungry pilgrim falcon, the last-named his most relentless foe. Already he has made a few excursions in search of grass and early berries by way of giving variety to a diet of young heather-tops. The singing birds have not yet left the moor, and the bees are humming in the heather, for good farmers have taken the hives up there to secure honey in the flowering season. Young birds wear the more sober dress of the adult females; the males of the present year must survive the dangerous season now about to begin before they can assume the bright chestnut plumage with black lines and the dark lower feathers that seem to be tipped with white in the Highlands. In grouseland only the hens moult after breeding season; their lords choose the later year, and meet the pairing season in their brightest dress.

How affectionate and watchful these male birds are! The black grouse of the lower grounds has several wives, and neglects them all: he is a worse father than the pheasant. The red grouse, on the other hand, assists his mate in the preparation of her nest, guides the unfledged babies to safe feeding-places, and leads the way to what he thinks is safety when the long line of drivers comes over the moor and the road to rest seems to lie right over the butts. Why should he not go over them? All through the summer he has known them for harmless mounds of turf: the experience of last autumn has been forgotten; and, in any case, the danger represented by men and boys armed with flags is quite a real one to him, while there is no outward and visible sign to justify alarm on the road past the turf mounds.

Where the butts are not used and the land is worked by walking with dogs, the August flight of the red grouse is a very mild affair in good weather. Rain and wind hurry the flight, but a hot morning on heather that has not been disturbed makes for a certain restfulness and a good bag, unless there is no scent at all, and then close-lying birds can baffle the dogs. This work with clever pointers or setters has more appeal to the sportsman than the butts can make; it combines exercise with sport, and responds to the needs of the young and vigorous. On the other hand, many men who have reached or passed middle age may not hope to endure the fatigue of walking the moors: the attempt to do so after long months of sedentary life in town is often disastrous. Even where the birds are to be driven, the wise sportsman will arrange to arrive a few days before the Twelfth in order that his eye may get accustomed to the surroundings, and the first effects of change may have worn off.

Perhaps the best grouse-shooting combines walking with driving. To take a good walk if the land permits—a tramp in line that brings a few birds to bag and sends the others where they can be dealt with when the driving begins, is to secure the largest measure of enjoyment. The early exercise freshens the sportsman and justifies his rest when he has drawn his number, found his butt, and is waiting for the birds to come over. Nothing can beat the exquisite anticipation of these moments. At first there is no sign of life in the long row of butts; nothing can be seen in front but flowering heather as far as the eye can reach. In the far distance a few plover, green or golden, may rise; and then a stray covey or two of grouse may be seen as the birds come down and settle a long way in front of the butts. Then in the far distance the flags rise suddenly, and the grouse begin to move in earnest. The man in the butt sees them coming towards him in fast, easy flight, and never knows whether they will swing over his butt or the next, or somewhere between. Sometimes he gets excited, shows himself too soon, and turns his birds aside. When the earliest coveys choose the road between two guns, it is time to be careful if there should be an enthusiastic amateur in the next butt. It is more than likely that he will follow the birds with his gun and forget the existence of neighbours. A wise man takes cover on these occasions, conscious that the birds will come back after he has arranged a change of place for his dangerous neighbour.

How soon the grouse learn to understand their danger! In a very few days they are flying high and wide and have learned to rise at the first hint of possible danger; in a few weeks they pack, and then the bad weather comes to their assistance and feather-bed sportsmen go home. The male birds assume their splendid winter dress, and before December is out the packs have broken up and the birds are looking about for partners. Considering the short span of life allotted to him, the grouse gives a long time to courtship: some months elapse between the time when he chooses a mate and the long-desired day when he helps her to gather the material for a rough nest, an affair of leaves and grass with a moss lining. You will find it under a heather tuft, and, if the parent birds are wise, it will have a southern aspect and will lie on the slope of some well-drained land.

S. L. B.

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH: A REPORT FROM THE MOORS.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.



"COVEYS FAIRLY LARGE, AND BIRDS WELL GROWN."

LADIES' PAGE.

All the world of Society has dispersed, or is on the point of going off to foreign spas, British watering-places, Scotch moors, or Swiss heights. It is an instructive index to the real strain involved in the publicity that from the outside may seem to be quite easy and agreeable, that when august personages can manage a tour in strict incognito, they are only too glad to avail themselves of the opportunity. The Princess of Wales goes in this guise to Switzerland, a favourite holiday resort of her Royal Highness. People who have no share of celebrity to sustain are surprised to hear that it becomes a burden, and the late Queen was much criticised for her avoidance of ceremonial occasions in which she



A SPORTING SUIT.

This is in dark tweed, with collar and cuffs of a lighter shade of cloth. It is trimmed with strappings of the material, and buttons.

would be the cynosure of all eyes. But Switzerland every summer affords an amusing illustration of the desire that is felt to escape from publicity for a holiday season, not only by royal persons, but by everybody who has to live much in the glaring light of popular notice. Clergymen "in mufti" are to be observed at every turn in Switzerland in summer. They flatter themselves that by putting off the round vest, high collar, and white tie, they are effectually laicised; but not a bit of it—their profession leaps to the observant eye! I do not feel sure but that royal position is equally indelibly marked on the personality. Kings and Princes, perhaps, can throw off more easily than royal ladies can all tokens of their rank; but it has occurred to me to meet on separate occasions three royal ladies "incognita," and though I did not instantly recognise their identity, yet there was an unmistakable "something" about each of the plainly dressed and unattended women that arrested my attention immediately. Those three were the late Empress of Austria, her daughter-in-law (the Crown Princess Stéphanie), and the Duchess d'Aosta, whose husband is heir-presumptive to the Italian throne, she herself being a Princess of the Orleans house. Their air of being "somebody" was very striking, though they were merely walking quietly along. Whether our own Princesses would equally strike my attention I cannot say, because I know them so well that I recognise them at a glance. I have, however, met Princess Maud walking with her husband at Mentone, and the Duchess of Fife strolling through Bond Street with another lady, apparently unnoticed by passers-by.

Lady Ulrica Duncombe, whose engagement has aroused much interest, is a young sister of the late beautiful Duchess of Leinster, members of a branch of the brilliant Sheridan family, the distinction of which seems to follow into all the ramifications of the pedigree. Lady Ulrica was a distinguished Girton girl. The lovely Duchess, too, was quite a scholar, so that the most appropriate memorial to her that her friends could devise was the institution of annual lectures (called after her, the Hermione Lectures) on some serious subject, to be given to women in Dublin. Of course, the notion that a woman who has good brains must be plain and ungainly is exploded now, but it once was held as an

article of common faith—and with so much truth in it as comes from the undoubted if unrecognised truth that the majority of people are plain, and that Nature is seldom so prodigal with her gifts as to allot distinction of mind together with surpassing loveliness of face and form; but it was owing to such students as these graceful sisters that the inaccurate prejudice of the special ugliness of "brainy" girls had to give way.

While society at large is enjoying ruralising in one of its many forms, there has been a regrettable crop of cases of illness or accident to well-known ladies, who are thus deprived of the holiday season. The Countess of Howe and the Countess of Warwick are ill, and the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Arthur Paget, by an unlucky coincidence, met with accidents at nearly the same time. The victims in this case are two of the most popular of the American women in society. The Duchess, who was married a few years ago literally from the school-room, putting her hair up only a few weeks before the event, has made for herself a place of great popularity in England. Her fall from her horse will not, it is thought by the doctors, have serious consequences. The other victim of accident is far more gravely hurt; her tumble down the opening of a lift from the ground-floor into the basement was a serious affair. Mrs. Arthur Paget has been indefatigable in the cause of charity since she came to reside in our midst, and she also has the true American woman's grace of appearance and charm of manner. If universal sympathy could be of any service, it would certainly help both these sufferers. The death of the Marchioness of Tweedmouth (aged only fifty) has deprived the Liberal party of one of its most popular hostesses, and places several families in mourning. Lord Tweedmouth was one of the Liberal "Whips."

May I commend to my readers who are interested in the health of London and the preservation of natural beauty within touch of the overcrowded streets, the fund for preserving fifty acres of land adjoining Hampstead Heath? Mrs. Barnett, Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, honorary secretary of the fund, writes to say that over five thousand pounds is still required to secure the land, and the time for which an option of purchase for public use was obtained has but a few weeks more to run, so that it is urgently hoped that cheques will be sent in to Mrs. Barnett immediately, in order to complete the nearly successful effort. Once lost, the opportunity can never be regained, as the land will immediately be built over if the needful sum is not forthcoming this very month.

There has been a sanitary congress at Glasgow, and it produced the usual, indeed the unfailing, diatribes against the wives and mothers of the poorer classes. They are declared in particular not to feed their children properly, not to know how to cook for their husbands, and to be deficient in all domestic arts in general. A great work done by the women members of School Boards, from which the recent Education Act removed them, was the organising of instruction in these respects; and if mere teaching could avail entirely to alter social conditions, there must now be a large heaven of competent housewives among the girls who have grown up under the rule of School Boards with women members. But, valuable as undoubtedly this work has been in numerous cases, the fact is that the mischief is not really rooted in the incapacity of the average housewife, and is not, therefore, to be remedied by teaching her in her callow youth in the school-house how to cook and how to manage her home. National habits of feeding (and these very largely depend on our climate and its conditions) and sheer lack of money are the real chief causes of bad feeding among the families of the people. The last-mentioned factor is the main cause why children are so improperly fed. Poor mothers who go out to work cannot pay for milk enough to feed their babies on. In the school you may teach the little girl that if a baby has to be bottle-fed it must have nothing but milk, and that this must be perfectly fresh and pure. But all the same, when she is the wife of a poor man, with a large young family, she will not be able to afford to buy enough milk to feed her baby entirely, nor to get it brought to her often enough to keep it sweet; and she will give her baby "boiley," or even worse, "a little of what the rest of them have," in a trust and hope that all that she was told at school was a mere counsel of perfection—a hope, too, in which she is justified by the fact that a good many babies do survive the most extraordinarily indigestible and unsuitable feeding. Then again, even the mothers who can pay for milk for babies' food cannot get it free from mischievous "preservatives," most detrimental to any baby's chance of surviving the perils of infancy. This evil certainly ought to be dealt with by adulteration laws.

About the food of the family, again; the poor mother is not able to cater as well for her table as her foreign sister in a similar social rank, because we have a national habit of eating the more expensive sort of foods; and the British labouring-man is no more to be persuaded to dine off watery cabbage-soup, flavoured with garlic, and followed by a mere scrap of the beef boiled to rags out of which "la soupe" was made, than he is to be induced to wear a washing-blouse while about dirty work, as does sensible Jean across the Channel. Another reason why the classes in which the mother is sole servant cannot be as well cooked for as the French in the similar class is to some extent now being altered. It was the Frenchwoman's charcoal cooking-stove that gave her a great advantage; by its aid she could prepare the nutritious and succulent stews and other dishes that need long cooking, with little attention or cost, in a manner that was quite impossible to the working

woman here, possessor alone of an open coal fire. The automatic gas-meter stove has taken its place in thousands of poor English homes, to afford almost the same possibilities. But, of course, even now the vast majority of really poor housewives have only the wasteful, unpractical coal fire available for their cooking. It is therefore most unfair to blame the poor women for matters that are practically beyond their control, because dependent on conditions that are their master, and not subject to their good management or the reverse.

Of course, this is not to say that there is no room for improvement in the customs of many working-men's (as well as better-off men's) wives, even under the conditions that exist. The deadly monotony of the domestic table in many a home where there is no lack of means to provide the table well is in evidence to show the want of interest in her work, of imagination, and, in short, of intellect, in the woman presiding over that home. Breakfast, in particular, bears daily testimony to the lack of thought and attention on the part of its provider. Fried bacon and eggs, winter and summer alike, with an occasional interlude of broiled ham or boiled eggs, is all that many a housewife ever provides. Omelettes make one easy change that we much neglect. A small pan kept on purpose is a great help in the preparation of an omelette—like a milk-saucepan, this is a utensil that cannot be safely interchanged in function. Chopped parsley and a few dried mixed herbs, rubbed through a sieve to deprive them of the smallest vestige of stalkiness, added to the eggs, at once makes a savoury omelette. Some small portion of meat, again, finely chopped, and laid on the omelette before it is rolled up, gives an always appreciated variety. Kidneys are perhaps best of such additions, but minced ham is also savoury, and half-a-dozen cooking oysters in an omelette make a dish fit for an epicure of the first water. Both kidneys and oysters, of course, must be prepared for eating before they are laid upon the omelette, as they cannot be cooked in its midst. The kidneys are cut in thin slices and fried gently in butter, sprinkled with a little flour and a pinch of dried thyme or mixed herbs, and with pepper and salt; then pour on a tablespoonful or two of stock and water, and simmer till tender, when they are ready to put within the omelette. The oysters are dropped for a few moments into a saucepan containing their own liquor and a little milk thickened with flour which has been brought



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to the boil and kept so long enough to cook the flour; the oysters must not therein be boiled, but only kept hot in this sauce till they plump up; then remove, cut up in bits, season with a little cayenne and salt, and drop back in the sauce to re-heat; then fold the oysters into the omelette and pour the surplus of the sauce round on the dish. Scrambled eggs and their more dainty cousins, buttered eggs, are good variations too. The American plan of serving some one of the many preparations of cereals and also some fresh fruit at breakfast may be commended to the housewife's favourable consideration.

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ART NOTES.

The British Museum has organised an exhibition of the work of British water-colour artists from Cotman and Crome and Dance to Ruskin and Leighton and Burne-Jones. The idea was excellent, and has been excellently carried out. There are labels which spare the visitor the trouble of turning tiresome catalogue pages; and every work has had paid to it the common—yet also uncommon—politeness of being placed where it can properly be seen.

The Norwich School has masters from whom the nations have learned. We who owe the greater part of our Past in Art to foreign influences and our Present to French training may be forgiven the gentle boast we make when we remind ourselves of the impression produced by Turner and the Norwich School upon their contemporary France. Reynolds, though so thoroughly English a painter, if only in his subjects, admittedly followed Italian traditions; and in Venice you may see the pictures he studied, and behold, stage by stage, the making of the greatest of our portrait painters. But Turner and Cotman and Crome spoke a first word. Within the limits that associate every Master with his predecessors, they were originals. As such they were recognised in their own day; and in these honours of origination they will be confirmed to-day by any observer who visits the British Museum. Cotman—and by Cotman is meant John Sell Cotman, an artist unrivalled by either of his sons—is represented here at his best by the tinted drawing of the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe in the dawn of a Bristol day. A variety of wash-studies from the same hand are all telling. In portraits he has not the same power or charm; but the portrait of himself, drawn by

one of his sons, has some artistic as well as a great deal of personal interest. The sepia drawings of John Crome and the woodland sketches of James Stark will detain the spectator; and he will linger over the examples of artists less well known—Thomas Girtin, whom Turner studied, and Henry Bright.

Among the portraits drawn by George Dance in lead pencil, with carmine tints on lips and cheek, is one of

journal of Williams, edited by Dr. Garnett, and published by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

The Austrian State Railways, recognising the need of making known the attractions of the many health and pleasure resorts in the Austrian Empire, have established a Travel and Information Bureau at 86, Piccadilly, where the intending traveller can obtain all necessary particulars.



Photo. Shenstone.

THE AMERICAN CATTLEMEN'S STRIKE: THE STOCKYARDS, CHICAGO.

The stockyards occupy 500 acres of ground, giving accommodation at one time to 461,000 animals of all kinds. Last year 16,000,000 head of cattle passed through these yards. There are 22,000 pens, 25,000 gates, and 625 chutes.

Bennet Langton, that will be of interest to members of the Johnson Club. Langton was the Doctor's intimate, and stood beside his death-bed in Bolt Court. He lives for some in the endearing phrase of Lord Beaconsfield, who records how Isaac Disraeli, in ambitious youth, left a manuscript at Dr. Johnson's chambers, and had it returned to him by the black servant, with the message that the Doctor was too ill to read it. "A few weeks after," adds Lord Beaconsfield, "on that bed, beside which the voice of Mr. Burke faltered, and the tender spirit of Bennet Langton was ever vigilant, the great soul of Johnson quitted earth." Had the portrait been less conventional, been more a portrait of the man himself than of one among the men of the day, it would have been even more interesting to us as the authentic shrine of that too rare thing in the man of the eighteenth century—a "tender spirit."

The portrait of Williams, drawn by himself, has also a borrowed interest, for Williams was the friend of a greater than Johnson—the friend of Shelley; and this portrait was in the boat which gave them to death together, and bears the stains of the sea-water from which it was rescued. A reproduction of it was recently given in the

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has been staying with Dr. and Mrs. Ryle at Farnham Castle. He came to town on Monday, Aug. 1, in order to hear the judgment in the Scottish Church case. The Primate listened with close attention, and it was evident that he recognised the far-reaching consequences of this momentous decision.

The Church of St. Paul, Great Portland Street, is to share the fate of St. Philip's, Regent Street. The final sermon was preached on the ninth Sunday after Trinity by the retiring Vicar, the Rev. C. G. Williamson. Doubtless, he said, it was a wise decision that the church should go. Before many years had passed it was not improbable that the ripple of the wave of destruction would reach the neighbouring church of All Souls, Langham Place. It was rather surprising that Mr. Williamson mentioned All Souls in this connection, for the congregations there have always been large, and the work is flourishing under the Rev. F. S. Webster.

The organ of Canterbury Cathedral is to be completed at a cost of £400 in memory of Dr. Longhurst, who was for seventy years connected with the musical services in the Cathedral.

The Rev. Canon Stewart has preached his farewell sermon as Rector of Liverpool, and the Rev. Canon Harrison, Rector of St. Mary's, Wavertree, is also resigning through ill-health. Canon Harrison has been for many years one of the leading Evangelicals of Liverpool. He took an active part in Moody and Sankey's Mission, and he is chairman of Dr. Torrey's Liverpool Committee.

Most of the Bishops are taking August and September as a time of complete rest. Even Suffragan

Bishops, like Dr. Ridgeway, find it necessary to secure seven or eight weeks' complete change.

The Bishop of Carlisle is still far from well, and is not making perceptible progress towards recovery. His doctors regard him as an invalid, and he was not able

Horton are among those who promote the movement. The religious bodies of London are in perfect agreement on the sacred duty of citizenship.

Among the August attractions of the London pulpit are Father Stanton's Monday evening sermons at St. Alban's, Holborn. Canon Newbolt is in residence at St. Paul's, and Canon Henson at Westminster Abbey.

"The judgment of the House of Lords," says the *Guardian*, "is of immense importance, not only to the United Free Church, a large section of which suddenly finds itself homeless and penniless, but to all voluntary religious bodies." The *Church Times* thinks that all persons interested in religion must be concerned with this decision. "Buildings and other property held for religious uses are not held to the use of living corporate bodies, capable of growth and development, but for doctrinal purposes rigidly defined by lawyers. At any time the exercise of the liberty of the Gospel may result in the legal loss of all Church property. The dead hand is heavy upon us all." V.

A most interesting volume, entitled "In Many Wars," has been compiled by the war correspondents in the Far East. Forty-nine Press representatives, including R. J. MacHugh, Sir Bryan Leighton, Melton Prior, Jack London, and Fred Whiting, have contributed to the publication with pen or pencil, or both.

The times are studied even in the department of bakery, and Messrs. Macfarlane, Lang, and Co. have put on the market five new varieties of very dainty biscuits, of which one is called the "Korean." The same firm has also issued a new enamelled "Geisha" tin, the lid of which is a facsimile of a Japanese roof.



Photo. Lavis.

EASTBOURNE'S TECHNICAL COLLEGE: THE NEW INSTITUTE OPENED AUGUST 8.

The inaugural ceremony was performed by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. The buildings have cost upwards of £50,000.

to write his usual monthly letter to the *Diocesan Gazette* for August.

Oct. 30 has been fixed as Citizen Sunday by an influential committee of clergy and Nonconformist ministers. The Dean of Westminster, Father Adderley, Canons Barnett and Horsley, Dr. Clifford, and Dr.

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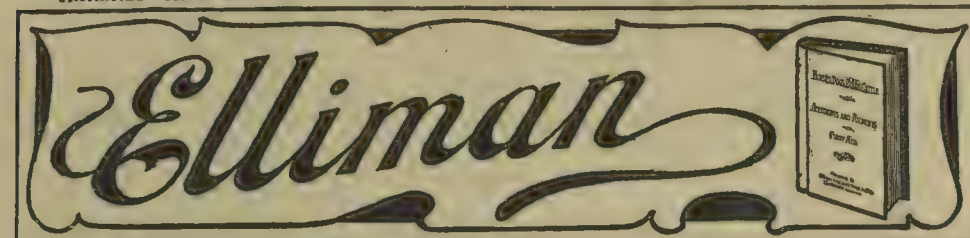
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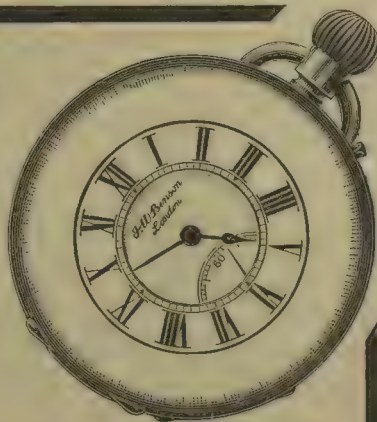
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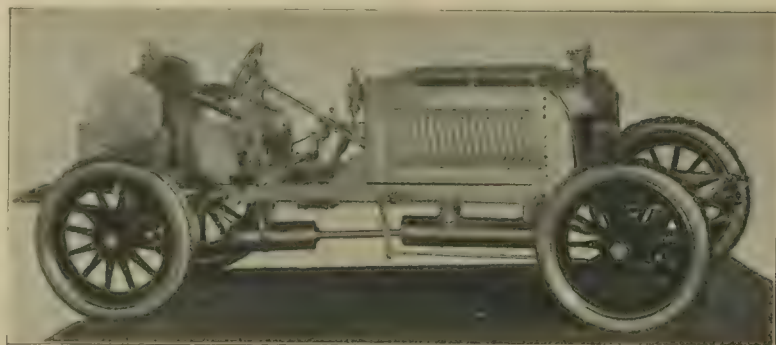
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1902) of Mr. JOHN PENNINGTON THOMASSON, of Woodside, Bolton, who died on May 16, was proved on July 29 by Mrs. Katharine Thomasson, the widow, Franklin Thomasson, the son, and Frank John Bright, the value of the estate amounting to £1,151,378. The testator gives £50,000 to his son; £50,000, in trust, for his daughter Mrs. Beatrice Coe and her children; £2000 to Frank J. Bright; £2000 to Mrs. Ursula Mellor Bright, the widow of Mr. Jacob Bright, and the residue of his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated March 5, 1904) of SIR PHILIP LANCASTER BROCKLEHURST, first Baronet, of Swythamley Park, near Macclesfield, who died on May 10, was proved on July 26 by Robert Heath and William Taylor Birchenough, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £306,941. The testator gives £2000 to his wife, and during her widowhood an annuity of £1700 and the income from £80,000; £300 per annum, to be increased to £1000 per annum on his attaining twenty-one years of age, to his son Henry Courtney, to be payable during the widowhood of Lady Brocklehurst; £30,000, in trust, for his daughter Mabel; £300, in trust, for the purchase of blankets to be distributed among the tenants at Swythamley on New Year's Day; £50 to the Leek Cottage Hospital; £50 for the purchase of two-year-old trout to stock his pools; £200 to be expended on trees

and rhododendrons for planting in his park; and other legacies. On the decease or remarriage of Lady Brocklehurst the sum of £80,000 is to be held in trust for his son Henry Courtney, but should he succeed to



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This solid silver model of Lieutenant-Colonel Mark Mayhew's Napier racing-car has been presented to Colonel Mayhew by Messrs. M. Napier and S. P. Edge to commemorate his motoring successes at Nice in the early part of the year. The model, which was executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, is eleven inches long.

certain property under the will of Peter Pownall Brocklehurst, then it is to be reduced to £30,000. All other his property he leaves, in trust, for his son Philip Lee.

The will (dated June 13, 1903) of the Hon. ROBERT REID, of Belmont, White Horse Road, Balwyn, near Melbourne, and of Robert Reid and Co., 19, Chiswell Street, Finsbury, Australian merchants, who died on May 12, was proved on Aug. 3 by Robert McKenzie Reid, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £104,367. The testator gives all his shares in Robert Reid and Co., and Buckley and Nunn, on various trusts to his children, and the issue of any deceased child; but £2500 per annum, part of the income thereof, is to be paid to his wife, Mrs. Mary Jane Reid, for life. He also gives £500 and the household effects to her; an annuity of £100 to his sister Rachel Adam; and annuities of £50 each to Miss Allen and Martha Fankhauser. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his children and their issue.

The will (dated Oct. 7, 1902), with a codicil (of Feb. 5, 1903), of Mr. EDWARD HAMMOND, of Newmarket All Saints, Cambridge, banker, who died on June 2, has been proved by Charles Edward Hammond and Henry Lewis Hammond, the nephews, the value of the estate being £130,052. The testator gives £500 and his real estate at Barton Mill to his brother, the Rev. Octavius Hammond; other real property at Moulton, except the Cottage Farm, and at Dalham and Gazeley, to his nephew Charles Edward; the Cottage Farm, and his freehold estate at Soham to his nephew Henry Lewis; and legacies to clerks. His

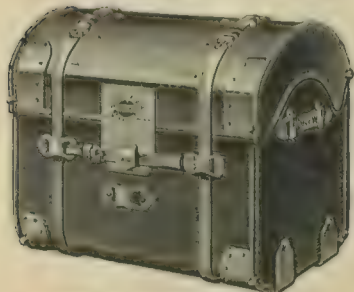


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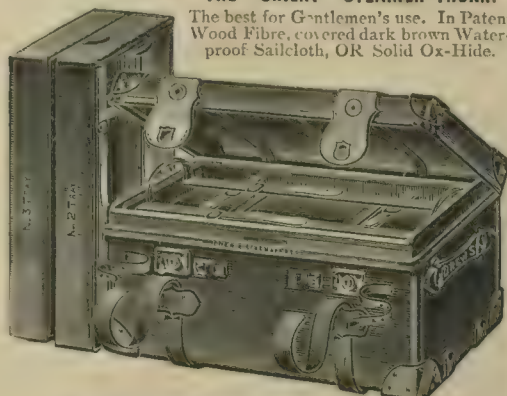
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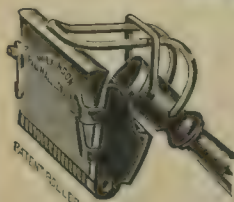
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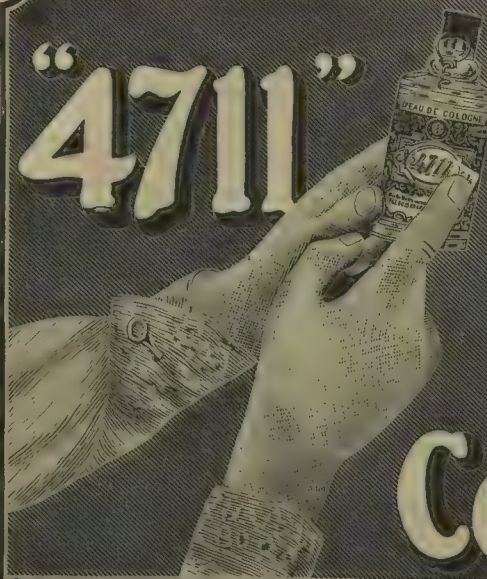
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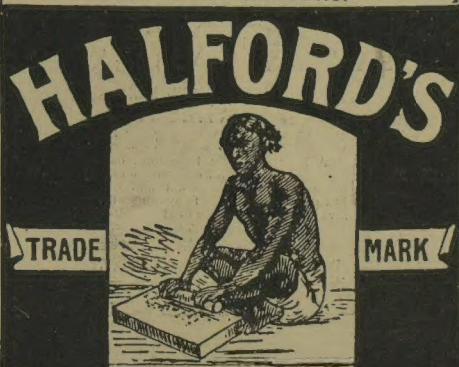
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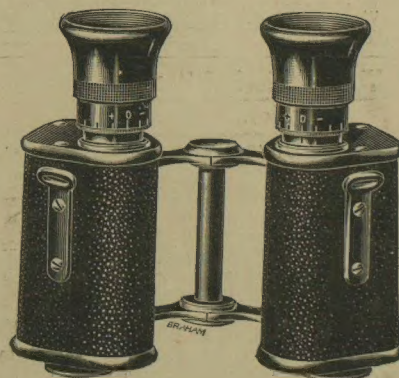
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residence, Cleveland House, with the furniture therein and £25,000 Consolidated Stock, he leaves, in trust, for his sister Louisa Hammond, for life, and subject thereto the house and furniture are to go to his nephew Henry Lewis, and the Stock to his residuary legatees. All other his real estate he leaves to his said two nephews, and the residue of his personal property to his nephews and nieces, the children of his brothers Octavius and Charles Eaton, and of his sister, Mrs. Emily Scott.

The will (dated April 19, 1887), with a codicil (of Oct. 22, 1890), of MR. SAMUEL CREWS, of 12, Steeles Road, Haverstock Hill, who died on May 19, was proved on July 25 by John Tom McCraith, Philip Willing Tibbs, Albert Calkin Lewis, and Mrs. Rebecca Ann Thomas, the value of the estate being £90,660. The testator gives the household furniture and £500 per annum to Mrs. Rebecca Ann Thomas while she remains a widow and does not become a Roman Catholic; various house property around London, in trust, for his four residuary legatees; and £50 each to his executors. All other his estate and effects he leaves to Rebecca Crews Thomas, Alice Blanche Thomas, Samuel Joyce Thomas, and Edmund Crews Thomas.

The will (dated Sept. 23, 1903) of MR. JOHN MICHAEL GOULD, of the Great Central Hotel, and late of 13, Regency Square, Brighton, who died on Oct. 9, has been proved by Francis James Slattery, Charles James Stewart, and Arnold Trinder, the value of the estate being £78,455. He gives £10,000 to his nephew Frederick Whitfield Barrett; £1000 to his sister Sarah Barrett; £100 and an annuity of £100 to Miss Mathilde McCarthy de Mervé; £100 to Henry Campbell Waters;

£200 and an annuity of £200 to his brother Richard; £1000 and an annuity of £300 to his nurse, Gertrude Alice McMahon; and legacies to executors. The residue of his property he leaves to Frederick Whitfield Barrett, Francis James Slattery, and Charles James Stewart.

The will (dated June 20, 1899), with four codicils, of MR. WILLIAM CHARLES WESTERN, of 33, Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, who died on June 27, was proved on July 29 by Miss Catherine Grace Charlotte Western, the daughter, the value of the property amounting to £61,606. The testator gives £1000 to his daughter-in-law Frances Mary Western; and his leasehold residence, with the effects therein, to his daughter. The residue of his property he leaves as to one share each to his children Charles Maximilian, John Sutton Edward, and Catherine Grace Charlotte, and one share, in trust, for his daughter-in-law Frances Mary while she remains the widow of his son William Thomas, and subject thereto for their children, but the share of his son John Sutton Edward is the less by £7000 than that of his brothers and sister.

The will (dated May 27, 1898), with two codicils (dated June 13, 1901, and Feb. 19, 1903), of HENRY GERARD, FIRST BARON ALINGTON, of Criche, Wimborne, and Alington House, South Audley Street, who died on Feb. 17, was proved on July 27 by his son, now second Lord Alington, the value of the estate being £43,751. The testator gives a set of waistcoat-buttons to his Majesty the King; £100 to her Majesty the Queen; £100 to the Duchess of Connaught; £100 to Lady Rosaline, daughter of the Earl of Lucan; a portrait of Lady Zetland, in frame, to Viscountess Newport; £7500, part of the household furniture, and all his racehorses

in training or otherwise, and their produce, to his wife; £4000 to his daughter the Hon. Mabel Beatrice Corbett; £1000 each to his other daughters; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1902), with two codicils (of Feb. 9, 1903, and March 30, 1904), of EUGÉNIE, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF ESHER, of 6, Ennismore Gardens, who died on June 4, was proved on July 23 by Lord Esher, the son, William Dudley Ward, the grandson, and Robert Ernald Few, the value of the estate being £24,088. She gives £2000, part of her jewels, furs, laces, and other articles to her daughter Eugénie Violet Adèle Dudley Ward; £200 and her shares in Harrod's Stores to her granddaughter Violet Dudley Ward; £400 to her sister Adela Marisca Gurwood; £200 to her granddaughter Eugénie Sibyl Blundell; £100 to her cousin George Wery; £100 to her godson, James Gurwood King; £300 to her maid; £100 each to her grandsons and granddaughters; £100 to Dr. Vincent Dickinson; £300 to W. H. Wilkins; and various jewels to her daughter-in-law, Eleanor, Lady Esher, for life, and then they are to devolve as heirlooms with the settled family property. The residue of her property she leaves to her son.

The will (dated May 30, 1894) of Mr. CLEMENT WILLIAM SCOTT, of 15, Woburn Square, who died on June 25, has been proved by Mrs. Constance Margaret Scott, the widow, the value of the property amounting to £4484. The testator leaves everything he may die possessed of to his wife, she knowing well his view in regard to charitable bequests and to the disposal of his dramatic library.

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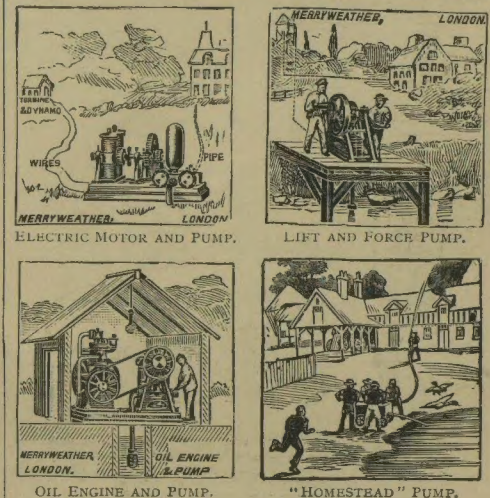
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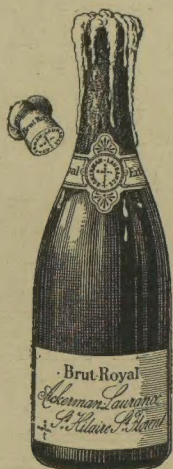
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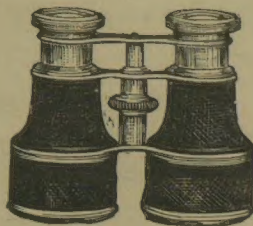


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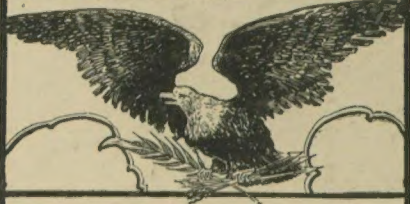
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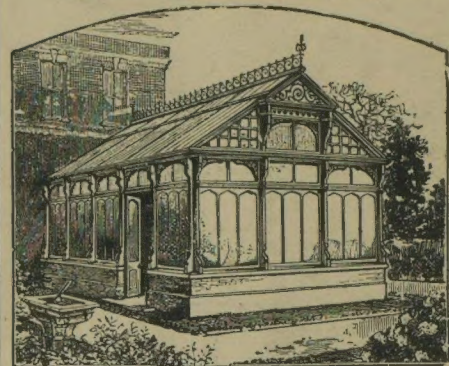
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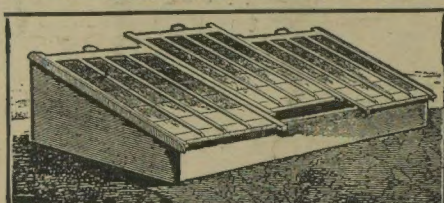
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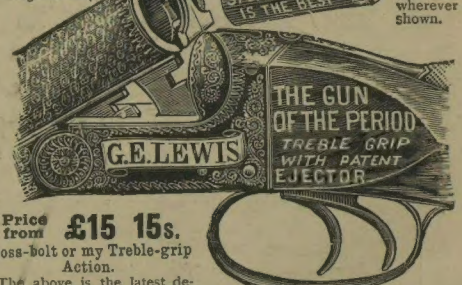


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